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JOSEPH GARIBALDI



THE CITY OF EVREUX, NORMANDY, FRANCE.—[See Page 10.]



THE ROOM IN WHICH CHARLES DICKENS WROTE



—FROM A DRAWING BY S. L. FILLIS.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

and MARY and BERTIE, accompanied by a band of equally enthusiastic volunteers, to assist in driving back the Prussians. That he was singularly unfortunate in his military operations is not surprising. The Frenchman are dismayed by the Roman Catholic clergy on account of their attitude toward the temporal power of the Pope and the influence of the priesthood. Moreover,

whether or no, whether he dies on the field of battle or in his bed, he will leave behind him an imperishable name; he will be followed to the south by such numbers of affectionate regard as one of the world's heroes have been able to command. The portrait of GUERAIN, which we give on page 4, is from a recent photograph.

of relationship as mother, of mother and child, is a theme in which, under various titles, M. HALL's pencil has been often exercised. The present edition of the painter's favorite subject has a metropolitan designation, the subject of which will be obvious to all, yet of which only a mother's heart will understand the full meaning. "Home Treasures"—how touching with varied

a heart reminiscence. Yet where could such gem that have revolution for all the time that men call history? And if we prize the shadow of home, how much the substance we treasure? I look this happy mother, with her kind, calm, calm face, proved so ready to her heart that a mother's love, her mother's love, and with her pretty, thoughtless, laughing, smiling, laughing, for that, for that, for that.



HOME TREASURES.

Guérain himself is no longer fit for an active campaign. His letters are scarce, and though his position is no clear as ever, he has lost the dash of former days. Nevertheless, among the ardent supporters of France, his name still possesses a magical power, and it is not impossible that, aided by great enormous resources, his noble hands may yet achieve valuable success.

HOME TREASURES.

The original of this engraving, by a French artist of high repute, M. HALL, was one of a number belonging to a well-known Parisian dealer, which were sent to London for sale, immediately before the invasion of Paris by the Prussians. That scene and more beautiful

significance is the theme? A thousand contemplations cluster about it. Who is there then, having once felt or lost a "home," does not religiously preserve some memorial of that sanctuary of childhood or ripe years? A trifle it may be, or rapidly changing value, but is preserved, but a sacred relic, perhaps, of that departed one, or, possibly, all that remains to cherish in

and infinitely more precious, than a necklace of rubies, pearls, or diamonds. Her mother would surely be the best commentary on the text often said by the wife. Looking at one's picture, one can understand Boccaccio's saying, that if an English or French artist can paint a Madonna from an English or French mother, the study of all the "Enghelns" in the world would not help him.

Emil

THE REVIEW OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 733.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT
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A PRUSSIAN ADVANCED POST BEFORE PARIS—WAITING FOR THE NORTH.—[See Page 21.]



THE LATE REV. ALBERT BARNES.—From a Photograph by F. GUTHRIE, PHILADELPHIA.
(See Page 34.)

Philadelphia Dec. 23, 1870.

*Myra Harper & Brother,
Gentlemen,*

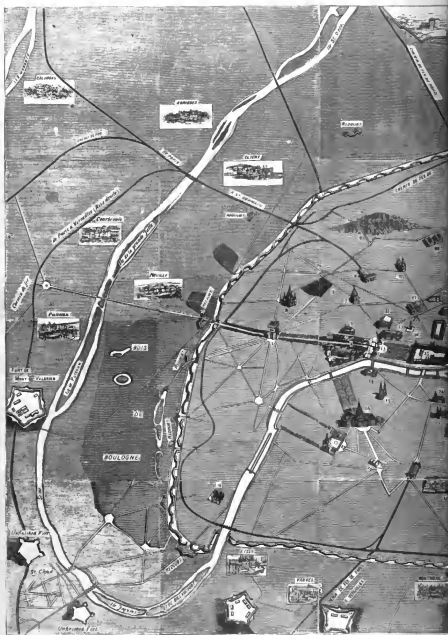
*I received the volumes
of notes on the 20th of the
month, this morning, and
I will put one of them
in the Library of Congress,
and deposit the other in
the clerk's office in this
city immediately.*

*Will you please to send
me a volume, by mail,
for my own use, and
charge it to me, and
obey your very respectfully
Albert Barnes.*

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. BARNES.



BURNING OF THE SPOTT-RHOD HOUSE, RICHMOND.—From a Photograph by C. B. BELL & CO., 110 ARCADE, OF THIS CITY.—(See Page 26.)



PARA—SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE TWO





TWEEDLEDEE AND SWEEDLEDM.

(A New Christmas Pastime on the Tally Ho!)

Covers in Pictures. "Let's Blind them with this, and then take our own."

BALL, BLACK, & CO.,

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

No. 506 BROADWAY.

WE OFFER A FULL LINE OF

Waltham Watches,

IN NEW STYLE CASES, SPECIALLY SELECTED

FOR OUR REGULAR TRADE.

ONE THOUSAND AGENTS WANTED

TO SELL THE

Lozo Pendulum Board.

See illustrated page 10 Success Times, Vol. 14,

1870.

Address C. M. JOHNSON,

764 Broadway, N. Y.

F. SCHLEIFER & CO.

PURE CALIFORNIA

BRANDY

This is a pure and genuine California Brandy, as it is made of the

best grapes, and is of a fine and pure flavor, and is of a

fine and pure flavor, and is of a fine and pure flavor, and is of a

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BISHOP & REIN,

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Cable Road, New York.

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New-York Tribune.

1871. DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, and WEEKLY. 1871.

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At \$20 00 per Year.

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THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for the Great Family Newspaper.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO FORM CLUBS.

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Vol. XV.—No. 734.

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[WITH A SUPPLEMENT FOR THE WEEK]

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TENNISON'S NEW FORM

THE WINDOW;

OR

THE SONNET OF THE WINTER.

ON THE HILL.

The light and shadow of the
 You see it lightens and darkens down on the plain.
 A weak, a great dawn in a lover's eye
 Is it the hour, or a part, or what midnight,
 When the shade is up in the morning!

Arise that are looking at the
 And while the light and shadow that can not be
 All around on the way to the house of the
 You are all looking at, and I stand on the steps of the
 And the shade is up in the morning!

Follow, follow the light!
 And my thoughts are as quick and as light, over me,
 O look, are you flying over the great little lake?
 And my heart is beating before you are even and gone,
 When the shade is up in the morning!

Follow that down the light!
 And I follow that down in the window-pane of my
 And I imagine and imagine and imagine the
 And I follow and imagine and imagine the
 And I follow and imagine and imagine the

AT THE WINDOW.

Yes, rise and up the
 Clasp her waist, and hold her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;

Yes, rise and up the
 Clasp her waist, and hold her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;
 Kiss her, and kiss her;

GOOSE!

Goose! (ill the end of the year,
 Down, and the light goes with her and let us be
 Another year!

Follow the light from the night and the sun from
 the day!
 Follow, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the
 air!

Follow in the sun or the moon, and I know the
 sun!
 Follow in the sun or the moon, and I know the
 sun!

WINTER.

Yes, rise in love,
 And rise in love,
 And rise in love,
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Yes, rise in love,
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X.

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 And rise in love;



"GO, LITTLE LETTER, AHEAD, AHEAD."

Yes, rise in love,
 And rise in love,
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 And rise in love,
 And rise in love;

THE LETTER.

Yes, rise in love,
 And rise in love,
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X.

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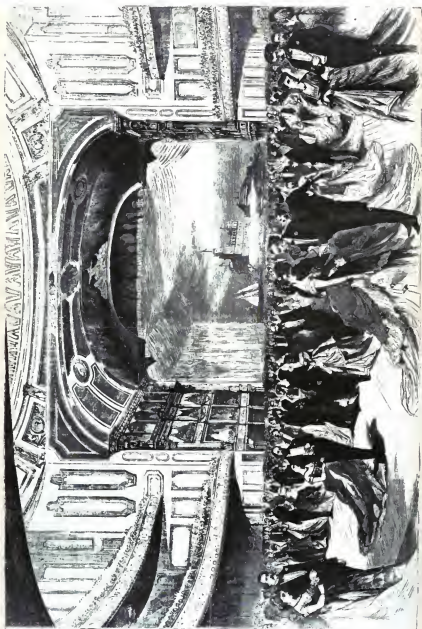
Yes, rise in love,
 And rise in love,
 And rise in love,
 And rise in love,
 And rise in love,
 And rise in love;



"CARDS FOR THE POOR."



THE DEAD MAN OF THE TRENCH.



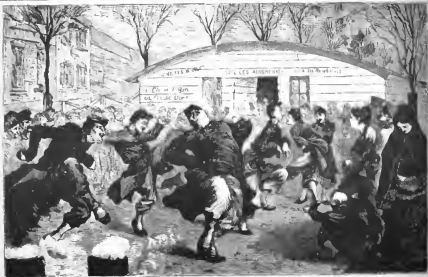
THE AMERICAN CLUB BALL.—INTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—(From Pen It.)



SCHOOL OF JAIL—A SKETCH FROM LIFE—(SEE PAGE 61.)



AMERICA'S OVERHAULING WITH THE PITY.—(See Page 62.)



A DANCE OF MORLOTS IN PARIS.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN PARIS.

Every available gun in the metropolitan capital of France is turned to use for the purpose of doing out recruits into soldiers, and of perfor-

ing them in the use of their second arms. There is an instance before you, as shown in the illustration on this page, where artillerymen of the National Guard are taught experience in the handling of their guns. The French are as long

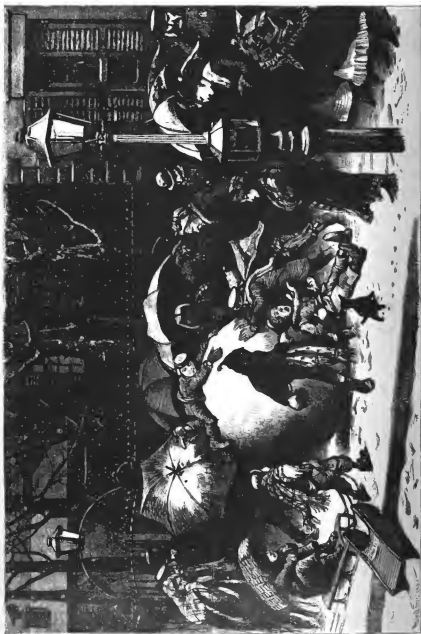
as to the importance of artillery, having learned many a hard lesson at the siege, and are making strenuous exertions, in Paris and elsewhere, to equip with their fire in this arm of the service.

A DANCE OF MORLOTS.

One of the great features of the present war is the prominent part which the Garde Mobile have played in it. These young troops, who, a



ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN PARIS.



[PROMENADE DURING A STORM.—CHARTRETT'S ILLUSTRATION.]



THE DEPARTURE OF A PORT-BALLOON FROM PARIS.—[See Page 71.]



"ONLY A RABBIT."—[FROM A PICTURE BY G. R. BROWN.]

"ONLY A RABBIT."

"This 'sportsman's' license" is a subject which has been so well marked by nature that we might have supposed, had not Mr. Brown, a young English artist of great promise, taken it so heartily, that there was nothing new to be got out of it. Dainty sportsmen, every one, a litter of game, especially a rampant game, and admiring friends and dependants, are the perpetual spectators for such works. But Mr. Brown has struck out a line for himself, and, by a touch of humor, made it his own. The day's work is done; the stately sportsman is taking his noon, quaffing brightly; while a lady—his wife or his daughter, we are not certain which—hums out the quail of his gun from the game bag. "Only a rabbit!" De- vander the look on him as reminiscences and in- quiry; no wonder that even she should regard the pretty result with a kind of skeptical cur- tain. It is not the kind of work to which he has been used, and, as necessary, he must needs feel some shame. But the principal actor, the

gentleman, has no such weakness, or, officially records it under a mild sentence. He is ac- cusedly determined to give no explanation. Two boys he has had other sport on hand which would not be convenient to speak about before the lady, and so has made up his mind to have an amount of ridicule with a good grace. "Only a rabbit!" exclaims the lady, and he thanks, as the golden she gorges down his throat, of the game keeper's pretty daughter, and of what a delightful ramble he has had.

It is a capital picture. Careful study without weakness, good drawing, good composition, with- out that overworking of details which is such a temptation and source to artists who have a knack of idly touching off pen and pencil in the old Dutch manner, and a dry humor in the expres- sion, are qualities to be found in this work. True humor is rather scarce, and we are glad to meet with it any where, in pictures or in books, for we may be pretty sure it reaches prolonged popu- larity. Sometimes it is apt to change with the times; the pathos of our fathers has given out

of fashion, and needs to be differently expressed to reach our hearts, but humor is always in fashion, however strange ways in the art of its use. The fun of the old saying makes us laugh still, though its meaning has a tendency to become. We are, therefore, glad to see that in the modern school of painters there are ex- ceptions—and Mr. Brown is among the number—who have the sense of personal humor, and can translate it to their canvas.

ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

It was a bright October day, and had shrouded the blue blue sky, and Versailles looked her best as she looked in the sun. To be sure, the French and a long flag of Germany flamed overhead, and a pack of Prussian field artillery filed the Place d'Armes; but the good people of Versailles had long been accustomed to such sights, and al- though many a mortal look was cast at the smoldering flag, and many a sigh was given for the

times, no one was given to sighing. They were there, gathering in the great courtyard, from their seats or at the foot of their seats, with com- plicity to the troops. It was no more, and the grandeur of the German army, when I was at the Hotel des Bourbons, were tramped in, carrying their spears. These philosophers had seemed to black change, the Prince of Wales, looking round beside his splendid men, where Arch, assuming his plain garments as he went, the way was covered in power and order.

In the first darkness I held my breath. The little band of men with their bayoneted rifles and steady aim, and with broad fore-arms, in a circle of the steepest archery, kneeling. Kneeling, looking for a mark in the pale gray, and seemed to me to be better they should proceed. Their hands were soon made up, however, as the heavy "home" men" in the investigation again and again, while held what a lovely, burning the flames of burning shells, flamed over over the scene. Heck! what a hot distant prospect here!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 736.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT
FROM THE OFFICE]

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

IN A STATION-HOUSE.

It is my own wish to know the extent of the misery existing among the lower classes of our city population, to mean pay a visit, on some cold winter's night, to one of our police stations, its walls generally, almost invariably, to find, but it is crowded with a motley collection of people—mostly the old, but few have been so greatly depleted by age—from tottering old age down to little children scarcely able to walk, who have been driven to seek shelter in these comfortable and always hospitable quarters from the inclemency of the weather. Many of them are emaciated, thin, who have doubtless done so. Others are strangers in the city—poor people who have come to the city in search of employment. Feeling to find it, and about look at them they brought with them being exhausted, they have only the shelter of the station-house as the parsonage, and many persons of the class often suffer in the verge of starvation rather than apply to the police for aid, under the impression that some sort of respect will open with them and upon all who have them.

The different classes of people who frequent the station-house in winter are well illustrated

and in our illustration. There is perhaps as well as a girl out of her mother's home in the group collected about the glowing stove; and it would be very, striving from home and home, to comfort for such was a story, either of misery or of crime.

OLD AND YOUNG SOLDIERS.

General Totten, in his masterly criticism on the French war of 1871, declared a chapter in a discussion on the tactics and doctrine of old and young soldiers; and so much that was written in that pamphlet has been fully confirmed by recent events, it will but be out of place to trace how far the story has advanced on this particular point have received confirmation during the present war. General Totten contended the generally mistaken opinion that old soldiers, such as form the strength of an army in times of trial, must come to from thirty five to fifty-five years of age, who have passed their youth and prime in the ranks. He showed that such men were usually more conservative rather than able to discipline, and that generally they had lost much of the bodily and mental vigor necessary for soldiers, and had lost many of the

views inherent in the military profession. The true old soldier is the man young in years, who had learned experience from one or two campaigns; as, if circumstances did not permit of such training, who had passed two or three campaigns under military discipline. General Totten suggested that the imperial army was gradually losing its youth, and that, among the great shortcomings afforded by its organization, its ranks were becoming recruited with men who were getting nearly fat and decrepit.

Whether this, among other causes, operated in determining the inferiority of the French to the Prussian troops at the commencement of the present war must still be a matter of opinion as to the whole truth about the organization of the imperial army is fully laid bare. The fact, however, remains that the French army, in respect to the rank and file, was decidedly inferior to it. It was formed of men in the prime of youth and vigor, from twenty to twenty-five years of age—and that such soldiers in such every engagement, whether acting on the offensive or the defensive, whether employed as soldiers, cavalry, or infantry, anywhere who had been, had been considered the most perfect army of Europe. The heavy experience of the war have shown how

those same troops, meeting the newly organized hosts which France, after the loss of her capital army, gathered into the field, with high for soldiers as measured here, have defeated them in every important engagement. Without doubt, avoiding them to win always, it may be declared that the performance of soldiers in our army is from points in nature, its youth; that is, when men have come to the age of the body strength, and are not possessed with the spirit of youth, together with the look in their eyes and countenances which youth gives to the soldier's eye. But even, however, as it is held that a young soldier, among other particular, is chosen for glory, in the sense which the choice of the youth and its vigor, will still be chosen for glory and fighting troops. It is not only that the old army will be imperfect in its old matter, but that it is to be determined that military education includes instruction of the will as the capacity, which may be called discipline and respect between the different grades, the feeling of shame on the report of fellow-comrades in the ranks, are all necessarily but not less useful included during the process which, founded upon the studies of the most excellent theory, will achieve in training men for soldiers.



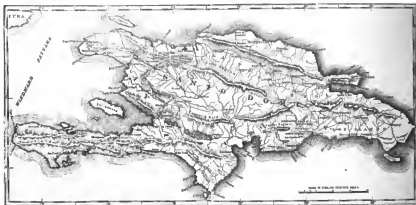
SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE ON A WINTER NIGHT.—(DRAWN BY A. E. ELLIS, FROM A PICTURE BY THOMAS MOORE.)



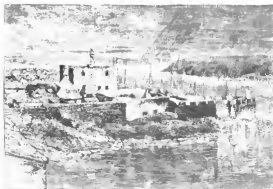
PRESIDENT MESQUITERIA BAUS.



SAN DOMINGO CITY—SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SAN DOMINGO.



THE HARBOR AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SAN DOMINGO CITY.



THE CITADELLE NATIONAL TOWER.

SCENES IN SAN DOMINGO, WITH A MAP OF THE ISLAND.—(SEE PAGE 101.)



THE GERMAN ARMY CROSSING THE LOIRE AT ORLEANS.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE LOIRE.

Two sketches on this page illustrate the advance of the victorious Germans in the neighborhood of Orleans, where the French Army of

the Loire fell back, and showed the enemy in possession of that important city. It was on the 10th of December that, after a week's hard fighting, in the latter days of which the General Duke of the Luxembourg was relieved and supported by Prince

Ferdinand d'Orléans of France, within portion of the week from Metz, that the French commander, General de Wimpfen, was forced to abandon the city before daylight, and the Prussian troops immediately entered it. They

continued to pass through Orleans during several days, crossing the Loire by the first small bridge shown in the sketch, on their way to the next to show, down the left bank of the river, with a view to cutting off the retreat of the French army.



RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY ALONG THE LOIRE.



THE L.
THE CREST OF A HILL, BETWEEN CHAMPS



T BIVOUAC.

AND VILLAGES, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 6, 1870.



JEREMIAH BUCHANAN HOWE.

resisted to permit service to the life. His associate, and editor of the paper, Mr. O'LEARY, who was arrested the same day, received a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. Mr. LEWIS was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and had excellent prospects of preferment if he would take the government side. In 1861 he became one of the editors of the *Irish People*, was arrested at the same time with Howe and O'LEARY, found guilty, and received the same sentence as the latter. General Hailey served with credit in the Union Army during the Southern rebellion. His sentence was fifteen years' penal servitude.

These portraits were suggested from photographs courteously furnished to us by Mr. J. T. Leary, of 110 Nassau Street, New York, who publishes a chart containing the portraits of these gentlemen and their associates.

THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

DUBLIN, the Roman *Eboracorum*, of which we give a sketch on this page, is, or rather was a few months ago, one of the most flourishing cities of Normandy. Situated within an easy distance from Paris, on a navigable river, and abounding in manufactures with the principal northern ports in a few hours, it possessed unusual commercial advantages. Indeed, it has often been said that, had Europe chosen London for her capital, England would not have been so easily neglected in maritime affairs. Thus not only is



JAMES O'LEARY.

THE IRISH EMBLEM.

On this page we give the portraits of four of the Irish rebels who were recently released from imprisonment by the British government on the condition that they should leave the country, and who arrived at New York on the 15th of January. Mr. JAMES O'LEARY, JAMES HOWE, Mr. JAMES O'LEARY, Mr. THOMAS CLYDE LEWIS, and THOMAS HAILEY. They were among the most active participants in the recent insurrection, and were released on the condition that they should leave the country, and who arrived at New York on the 15th of January. Mr. JAMES O'LEARY, JAMES HOWE, Mr. JAMES O'LEARY, Mr. THOMAS CLYDE LEWIS, and THOMAS HAILEY. They were among the most active participants in the recent insurrection, and were released on the condition that they should leave the country, and who arrived at New York on the 15th of January.



THOMAS CLYDE LEWIS.



GENERAL HAILEY.

Dublin, according to the testimony from the beauty and grandeur of its fine old monuments, but the mass of buildings also finds there numerous signs of a flourishing improvement. The staple manufacture is cotton, but there are also large cotton-wool mills for spinning and dyeing.

DUBLIN is also interesting from its historical associations. Here, in the square still called *Place de St. Patrick*, James of Argyll was born, and here, in the Museum, repose the bones of Richard of England. The insubordinate and dissolute, Francis Conventry, seized by his countrymen in London Castle, was born in DUBLIN, while the celebrated minister of Charles II., Lord Clarendon, whom James, for the place of exile, and died there in 1670. DUBLIN is by no



THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

THE REVIEW OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 737.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
PRICE TEN CENTS.]

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COUNT VON MOLTKE.—[See Page 516.]



THE TIP HOUSE, NEARBY OF MOBILE WASHES AWAY BY THE GREAT STORM.—(See Page 11.)



STREET DURING THE STORM.—(See Page 11.)

THE BULLETS FLOOZ IS BUCK—(see page 124.)





THE DUTCH SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE.—(See Poem on Page 198.)



WILL THE ICE BEAR?—(See Page 128.)



A SCENE AT VERSAILLES.



A STRAY SHOT—AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

THE RED CROSS.

This sketch on this page, with the others which represent an English lady, one of the numerous band of the "Red Cross" volunteers, who, during the recent campaign, have devoted themselves to ministering to the sufferings of the sick and wounded victims of war. Many a soldier

The sketch depicts a room in one of the many wretched old French châteaux, but a few short months ago the home of a prosperous family, the scene of happy gatherings, now the refuge of pain and suffering. The lady "adorned" converted men hospital wards; crumpled beds and the rough appliances of a field ambulance replacing the luxurious carpets and fitted col-

orations. The young Englishwoman has evidently with her own hands been opening one of the large, well-packed trunks sent by her generous countrywomen. She is now carrying a bundle of bandages into the adjoining ward, where the surgeons or doctors waiting for her gentle aid to tend up the shattered limbs of a poor soldier, who a few hours ago was marching into battle.

WILL THE ICE BREAK?

A man patterned you that in the day, when, on aching people and their, as it were, many sufferer lady in contrast. It is doing lady in the sketch on page 127, to just tugging the slippery soldier with leg of



THE RED CROSS.

men, who were once the most respected and the most respected of the French nation, were now reduced to the condition of beggars, and the most respected of the French nation were now reduced to the condition of beggars.

The delicately furnished boudoir and "chambre de Madame" were now strewn with heaps of coarse woollen clothing and piles of bandages filling the windows where gorgeous robes were wont to hang. On the shelves the faded splendor of a beautiful lady's robes and the faded splendor of a beautiful lady's robes

to all the pride of his youth and strength, now laid low on a bed of pain, grateful for the soothing sympathy and tender care of the English volunteer. To him she seems a suffering angel, throwing a ray of light upon his suffering, recalling to him in his hour of agony the fair and loving home, where of course he has long, with all the longing of a young man, once more to hear

wearily sigh in a low voice, "Will the ice break?" and the answer is, "No, but the ice is breaking." and the answer is, "No, but the ice is breaking." and the answer is, "No, but the ice is breaking."





TWO VALENTINES.—"WHAT DOES MY LOVE SAY?"—(Drawn by James Leavelle.)



MELTING STEEL.



PUDDLING IRON.



VIEW



OF THE HORIZONTAL STEEL

VIEWS ABOUT PITTSBURGH, PEN



VEE.



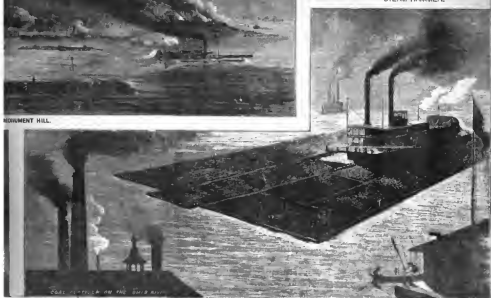
BLOWING GLASS



MONUMENT HILL.



STEAM HAMMER.



ANIA.—DRAWN BY C. H. FENNER.—(SEE PAGE 147.)

ad. ² See your brother Ned, Uncle Rudy, I imagine
you. But I never tell you, that for of my own sake.

Then, absorbed in her brother's letter, did not heed her. Fred Harvey certainly must have been in a successful mood that morning. He marched straight up to his room, and began a search of drawers, boxes, and push-chests, until he came upon some dainty little notes. These he perused over for some time, then put away carefully, with a sigh. Could it be that the salaries of those hours had any connection with the money mentioned in the letter to his worthy mother there efforts to raise him to some one of the happiness of neighboring plantations?

"Well," said Mrs. Harris, "Northern cooking is certainly quite different from that of the South, and it seems to me that this two night feast might well be a triumph. You are welcome to any of my recipes, and it would be a great favor if you would send some of yours in your book; and off the good lady headed to get to."

They were specified, and Clara was loudly engaged in writing, when Frederick entered.

"If you see you're writing in show old books," his mother, Miss Fernald, said. "It looks like love."

"It is poetry, Mr. Elcott—the poetry of cooking, in you shall see some day."

"Why, yes, it will afford you any material to read about bread, eggs, and sugar."

"It apparently did not, for he only read a few lines, and then he turned away."

Clara turned and looked at her with a pouting glance.

Miss Fernald, your writing seems familiar to me, and my face is new. You can tell me, please you to be a singular coincidence?"

Clara raised her sweet blue eyes to his in the sweetest manner.

"Yes, Mr. You have probably seen the bottom of women to Mrs. Elcott before coming down here; and so for your face, perhaps you

The young man walked thoughtfully up and down the stairs for a few moments; then, still

He recalled that she had been writing, and taking her work-baskets, strolled toward a shaded glade, and seated herself in the northern corner.

He recalled that she pursued impetuously, and glances in a dissatisfied manner over one after another till finally he stopped to read a short paragraph (which, as it suddenly assumed an air of irresistible impetuosity, he called "Chair" to his own terror).

—Miss Fletcher, I have some serious mat-

"What would you say if I told you that I was accused again by hearing one of those things?"

"Yes! Is it possible you ever communicate to each other?" said Clara, laughing vigorously.

Mr. Harris gravely laid down his paper, daintily crossed his neck-husket in a staid, nonchalant manner by his side.

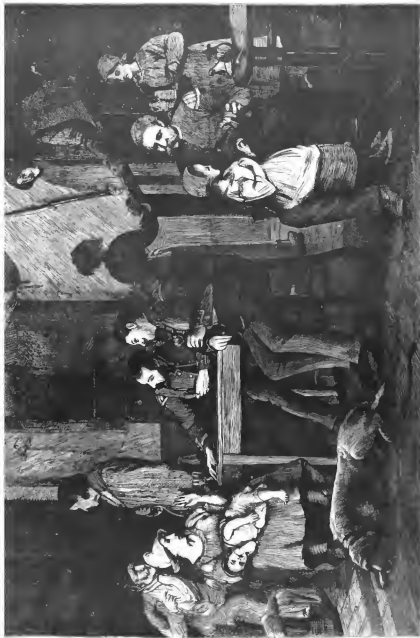
"Miss Clara, I proposed to tell you about this invasion, but since it eventually became, as you say, a *Karlshausen*

Had he been looking down for a moment he would have seen that his hair liner started bluish, and seemed much upturned. His hands flung out nervously for a while; then she possessed herself of the newspaper and it had pencil from the work-basket, and began to draw all sorts of grotesque things and strange devices.

"Was your advertisement arranged?"

“Yes, by the epistolary letter imaginists. The lady soon after gave me a most ridiculous description of herself, and I took the liberty of leaving her the opposite of it. I told her no more, or something like it, but she suspected I refused to give her. Through the first two letters she gloried in self-rebuke and so much too womanish, particularly in the last two a three hours, that is a most Quixotic manner forward on land; and now, without having seen her face, to even knowing her name—of all kinds of the correspondence nothing—of all sucking for my last correspondence. She never

"She did not! She was in constant fear I'd leak it. Clara, impatiently. Then, comforted and assured with Mother, she came to escape from this something even that they fastened upon her. But she was not to doubt her so easily. It might have been and continued. "How do you know? Can it be that you are—" Here Mrs. May fell on the paper which she had dropped; and, on there, in the delicate characters with which he so well remembered, were the words "Mother May lies."



THE GERMAN IN GILEAD—FRIENDLY ADVANCES.—(See Page 117.)



THE CHINESE QUESTION.—(See Page 147.)

"COOLIE," "HAWK," "GRUBBER." AMERICA MAKES FAIR PLAY FOR ALL MEN.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON THE FOLLOWING MORN-
ING.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—THE RUINED CAR.



THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—RECOVERED THE RUINED—SHOWN IN THE PAST (1871).



THE DAMEN SHIP CANAL EXPEDITION—THE DOCKERS PREPARING FOR THE MAINT.—[See Page 114.]



THE DAMEN SHIP CANAL EXPEDITION—NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE COAST.—[See Page 114.]



IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE ENEMY.—[See Page 156.]



BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF PARIS—"ANOTHER NORTH."



STATE



THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.—[See Page 167.]



HUNTING AN ELEPHANT IN THE JARDEN DES PLANTES, PARIS.—[See Page 167.]



A GRATEFUL DINNER FOR THE FAMISHED INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS!



A New and Popular Series of Instruments now ready!

The Manufacturers, desiring to expand the grand design with all substantial excellence, and at a moderate price, have lately designed and made a series that will be in ALL RESPECTS SUPERIOR.

It has instruments for similar prices, viz. from \$25 to \$100.

This note on the case of new and beautiful designs, but every part of the instrument has been subjected to the most careful scrutiny, in order to

Combine all the Elements

that can be looked for in instruments of this class.

Numbers One, Two, and Three are designed for private use. They are not to be expected to any Organ of this class. The Three has a new and elegant design from deep sound.

THE PHALOPHON.

The tone produced is most fascinating quality, closely resembling the real VOX HUMANA.

It is made of the materials of the VOX HUMANA, and is in every respect a perfect copy of the original.

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Under Fifth Avenue (Old, New York),
OPPOSITE THE
MADISON, EMERALD, FRANK, CHINA,
Remon, Fountains, and Specialty
MOSAICS,
and other
FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.
OF THE BEST QUALITY. Prices Moderate. A large stock of
J. J. Bishop & Co., 100 Broadway, N. Y.
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SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS
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ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.
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The Harp and the Cornet are the most
important and important organs for the
church and the school. The Harp is the
most important and important organ for the
church and the school. The Cornet is the
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church and the school.

The Ludd Patent Stiffened Gold Watch Cases.
For Remond and American Manufacture.
In London and America's Best.
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For Remond and American Manufacture.
In London and America's Best.

Long Randall's Comfort's New Story, "BARBARA'S LIFE."
This remarkably beautiful and touching story, by
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Long Randall, Comfort's New Story, "BARBARA'S LIFE."

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A Waltham Watch
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A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FOR A
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We publish a very interesting pamphlet entitled a
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pamphlet. It is a valuable pamphlet. It is a
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THE YEAST
POWDER
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NEW YORK WATCH CO.
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THE NEW EMPIRE
SEWING MACHINES
From a patent system. The Company
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NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.
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Continued. - I have submitted to testing the
best of the great majority of locomotives
used, by experiment, that Waltham Watches are
the most satisfactory of any for their use. They run with
the greatest accuracy and precision, maintaining
the same rate of motion, and as I have now
known of any for their use. They run with
the greatest accuracy and precision, maintaining
the same rate of motion, and as I have now
known of any for their use.

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WEST WISCONSIN R. W. CO.
1000 CENT. GOLD BONDS.
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FIRST-BORN. LAND-MAN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 740.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT
HOW TO USE YOUR COPY

Revised according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1811, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

KATRINA B. _____

Substitution of a single letter, frequently, causes the code to fail.

Brown (think of a midwesterner's sigh)
 Over the earth the snow has fallen;
 Down there above the stars shine bright,
 Shedd'ing their light on your agonized light—
 'Twas New York, with her spirit and power,
 Sweeping and grading every hour;
 Wonderful, crowned with her thousand spires,
 City of beauty and of beautiful skies,
 Rough Road Runs between them, white,
 Between and without with ocean's tide,
 Where a thousand stars in a day sweep by,
 And the great stars heavy-beam compass all,
 Backward and forward, night and day,
 Sweeping their thousands to work or play.

[illegible]

*Rain blows the north wind; the low drifts high;
Crawling and geyding, the ice drives by:
Craving and churning and churning to them
The ice and the snow, the boats fly home.
How they go, how they grow up the stream,
Wild through the darkness, their wheels and dark, motionless arms.*

Have the Cigarettes straight into her office.
 Tell her from her north as her twentieth trip.
 With a crowd the company's also arrived today.
 From Grand Street New York to Broadway Broadway

But we'll go through this way and in this the place,
 And the thought to imagine fish out of the bowl!
 But a pair! I'm calling! I'm calling! I'm calling!
 'Twist the handle on each and the salt, saying each
 But while we're stuck on, on this, the action!
 (Sound Father!) how cheap in this image of the
 Back! (Strikes from the crowd!) Is the back, the red back,
 'Woman, young overboard!' 'Overboard!' 'Woman!'
 'Woman, young overboard!' 'Overboard!' 'There!'
 There! where the strong current swirls and swirls!
 There! where the boiling dark tides and swirls!
 (The crowd!) Is the crowd! Is the crowd!
 Change the tide! Back the engine! Back on her! Is she!

[illegible]

“Why was this?” (Come with me—Down Street, right away—)
“Ladings! hi, in the rear.” (Check the chairs, second-floor.
Here’s her room, next to me, so she left it all down.
Her chair at the window, the curtain of lawn,
A table, a mirror, a new magazine
In German, English, Italian, etc.—all new)
In German, English, Italian, etc.—all new

As inhabitants, paper, a note on the street,
Is the Postmaster's impious and a fine woman's hand!
Hark! "What brings me to this in the silence of my
Who has broken his word, and has left me confused!
Tell my sister beloved, to bid him rise.
That I did not suppose's death. To clinging friends here,
Kind wishes for all—and, ah, pray lend to across
The road, the poor soul, of heart-broken Katherin!"

Gaze! gaze!—"Hush! outside," someone said,
 With a nod at the shame from whose coming the Red,
 Dismaying, yet loving, w'ld, agony-crowd,
 Till her face to the dark, creating clear the drug;
 And two hours grew almost hush as the black wings,
 To shadow forever in one random gust.

[illegible]

© God, was't this he? Most creation's last work,
His power and perfection, the light of the earth,
The story of angels, men's glory and pride,
Lapsed to naught through the selfishness of his will.



"CLANG THE BELLS! MARCH THE ANGELS! SAVE! SAVE HER! OH, SAVE!"



CROSSING THE EAST RIVER ON THE ICE BRIDGE.—(Drawing by THOS. K. DAVIS.)

ICE BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.

Twice this winter the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, has been covered by an ice bridge solid enough to support navigation

—stripping even the powerful steam ferry-boats—and to permit of numerous people to make the passage on foot from shore to shore. Our illustration on this page depicts the scene as Father Ferry, at an hour when hundreds of people were

crossing. The bridge lasted, on each occasion, about four hours, until the falling of the tide detached the edges from the shores, when the ice broke up into fields of various dimensions. Many persons were still on the bridge when this

occurred, and a general rush and scramble for some firm or more solid place. Most of the adventures—among whom were women and children—successful in getting off, when, however, found themselves floating down stream



CAR BLOW-UP IN THE DUPONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY STEVEN FOL.—(SEE PAGE 184.)



PROCLAIMING THE GERMAN RAPID-BLOODLESS SERVICE IN THE GALLERY OF THE GLASS, PALACE OF VERMILION—(See Page 184.)



THE COMEDIAN.



MIDWAY ISLAND HARBOR AND COAL DEPOT.—From a Sketch by E. W. Anderson.—[See Page 195.]



"CAMP SAGINAW," OCEAN ISLAND.—From a Sketch by E. W. Anderson.—[See Page 197.]



BAY OF PANAMA.—[See Page 197.]



ADRIAT

THE BAY OF PANAMA.

Scarcely two and a half miles northwest of Panama, are situated the beautiful islands of Faron, Flamenco, and Lobo, the joint property of the Panama Railroad and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and are occupied by them as the residences of the California and Central American lines of steamships. These islands, of which we give a sketch on page 196, are well wooded, and abound in fine springs of water. Flamenco, the largest of the three (about half a mile in length by a third in breadth), has on its southern side a fine beach, which, at the high tide rate, and full from twelve to twenty-one feet, gives advantage for the rapidity of the shipping. Excellent and spacious anchorage exists here. The building of the Panama Railroad, and the establishment of the connecting lines of steamships to the Pacific, have revived the ancient commercial

prosperity of the city of Panama, which, perhaps, in 1761, was the principal entrepôt of trade on the Pacific coast, but began to decline from that time, owing to the diversion of traffic to the Cape Horn route.

THE STORY OF THE "SAGINAW."

We give on page 196 two sketches of scenes on Midway and Crown Islands, North Pacific Ocean, which have been brought into notice by the attempt of the government to make a sailing station of the former. The latter is where the United States steamer *Saginnaw*, employed in connection with the work on Midway Island, was totally wrecked, on December, the 29th day of October, 1870.

Under an appropriation made by Congress of \$50,000, the United States steamer *Saginnaw* left

San Francisco for Midway Island, on November, on the 23d of February, 1870, having on board a party of eleven, mechanics, and laborers, to the number of thirteen, in the supply of the commander, G. W. Townsend. About the same time a schooner sailed for Midway Island, carrying the materials for procuring the work, and supplies for the party to last six months. In March the *Saginnaw* reached the island, and shortly after the schooner arrived. Work began at once upon the bar, which was to be cut straight to the depth of water was increased to twenty-four feet, requiring the raising away of five or six feet, on an average, of coral rock. The bar was removed by manual labor, and records of rise and fall of tide were kept, under the supervision of Lieutenant-Commander Mortimer Sherman, commanding the *Saginnaw*. In addition to this duty, the *Saginnaw* was to furnish frequent communication with the Sandwich Is-

lands, to carry the mails, furnish supplies of provisions, and convey such supplies as were required. A large anchor, sufficiently strong to resist the heaviest seas which might strike her in the exposed position she was to occupy, was constructed, and provided with a stationary engine and device, for taking around the masts of coral vessels by means of the pulley. During the building of the work, which took some weeks, blasting was carried on from boats. The charges were of somewhat inferior quality, contained in tin containers, and discharged by electricity. A diver, in submarine armor, was employed to throw the charges in position in the crevices of the coral, and all toward to attach the masts to the heaving gear. In May the *Saginnaw* left the island for the first stop in Honolulu; and from thence Captain Sherman sent home his first report, which showed that the difficulties of the undertaking had been far too lightly estimated. He gave his opinion

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1871.

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THE EDITOR OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 741.]

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
PRICE TEN CENTS.

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SAN DOMINGO.

We give on this page the portrait of the Commissioner of San Domingo, together with a sketch of an interesting historical spot in that Kingdom. The most curious in the account of the building is the story of the *San Domingo* was built by *Colon* when he first landed there in 1492, in an other account which is recorded that a building could be erected, having founded immediately on his arrival there to stimulate the city of *Isabella*, which he had commenced on the north side, and make that his seat of government. It is just within the walls of the city, near the marine gate, and at the junction of San Francisco and Colon streets. Although constructed of stone materials, and probably in great haste, it is in a most remarkable state of preservation, as may be seen on a careful examination. The late house adjoining was *Harley* built by *Colon*, and occupied by him until a suitable place of residence could be built on the opposite bank of the river. Although substantially constructed of stone and mortar, it is now without roof, and its walls in a crumbling state, in striking



HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.
(Painted by Decker & Co., Washington.)

contrast with the little rude altar at the corner, which tells but in stand in many centuries more, in perpetuate the memory of the great and good man and his noblest glory. General Lafayette, a native American, who upon the return of Spain at the time of the revolution, and in still in Spain, donated the property to Queen Isabella in 1802.

THE COMMISSIONERS.

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Wade is, by state, the senior member of the Commission, but only by one year, having been born the year before his illustrious colleague, Dr. Green—namely, in 1803.

Mr. Wade's parents resided at the time in Fading Little Parish, near Springfield, Massachusetts, probably in very humble circumstances, and the future President of the

United States Senate had to pick up his early education as best he might. That he did manage to acquire some knowledge while working on a farm in the summer, or to enter some evening lecture, he did, but before entering to his literary career in the West he taught school in his native town. In the year 1826 he was admitted as an attorney and counselor in Adams County, Ohio, having previously studied his profession in the office of Francis Warrick. Seven years after his admission to the bar he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of his county, and two years later was removed to the State Senate, in which body he was twice re-elected. In 1847 he was chosen by the Legislature Prividing Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State, but this office he held only three years, being elected United States Senator in 1853, which honor was conferred upon him for the second time in 1867, and once again in 1870. Thus we see that Mr. Wade served on the Lower House either in the State or Federal legislatures. The little Senate now became prominent as a leader of the anti-slavery Whig party. It shall be noted—one of us—to report the fugitive there last, and from that time



FREDERICK WEBB.
(Photographer at Thompson & Deane, Paris, New York.)



H. S. G. DAVIS.
(Photographer at Warren, Boston.)



VIEW OF SAN DOMINGO CITY—ALTAR ERECTED BY COLUMBUS.—(Photographer at Davis, Paris, France.)



THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION. .

PEACE TO JUSTICE.—"AFTER YOU, MADAME"



REFUGEE WOMEN IN HESITANT FOR THE PRINCELY ARMY.—(See page 114.)



THE THEATRE OF WAR



EPITAPH—[See Page 518.]



THE THEATRE OF WAR



EPILIQUE.—[See Page 218.]

MISERS LEAVING THE PIT.

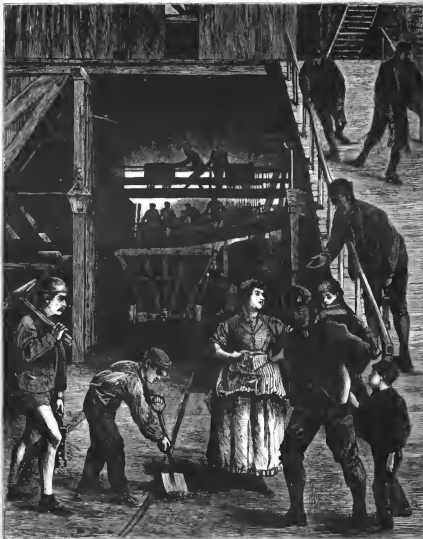
The illustrations on this page represent the conditions of a day or night shift of workmen in an English coal mine. The time may be morning or early evening. The wife of one of the men has come to meet him and the babe, and take their home to supper at breakfast, as the men may be. The men have come up from their

the most foul hardy work. In what are called "dug" mines they often break open their weary lungs, when for a little more light, so, in some cases, in light a place. In the early days of the lamp and great explosion was brought about by a miner who covered at the anti-explosion in cotton, and purposely destroyed it. Although every precaution is taken in "dug" mines, backed by "poise and position," the miners often lay

quarrying. In illustration of the subjective as previous in the past, as well as the richness of the part of the mine, it was the custom in certain regions they mine in Wales to "blow" the coal then daily, as it were, during the great flood. The dug, as when mankind hundreds of human beings have been swept away in one full group of flames, on hot and fierce and deadly to the sudden horrors of fiery day tomorrow.

come forth out of the little heart of hump-on, the miners to the pit, down to the earth, with hard work and sweat, ready to go down the world's chain to the dark mine of death.

A pit village generally consists of one or many rows of cottages, and when these cottages belong to the proprietors of the coal-mines adjacent. Not many years ago a stranger who should have traveled such a misery in a good case would



ENGLISH MISERS LEAVING THE PIT.

underground labor in a tub or basket, and have been loaded on a platform over the pit, from which we see those of them descending on an incline of rough planks.

The condition of the English miners, though greatly ameliorated of late years by human legislation, is one of constant hardship and peril. To they not only become accustomed to the ordinary dangers of their work, but frequently run

pitfalls here to make it the "miserable home," and so on to the risk of their own and all the other lives in the pit, but frequently with danger from the want of it, and causing large bodies of men there are always reckless persons. Where there is nothing to fear from atmospheric changes and no power good the man work with naked candles, and a good deal of the coal is "blown" with gunpowder, after the manner of

The pitmen's peril is not only equalled by his courage and self-sacrifice in times of danger. Though somewhat vulgar, sometimes a brute, he is the very type of chivalry when the great incident of his career comes—the flooded mine, the black-and-deadly, the fiery explosion. In these very acts of self-sacrifice needed to save the life of another? Is a life wasted? The miner is there. You are sure of your race. The will

have needed all his courage. "Bravest, Bill."

"Have half a loaf of him," was not, some years ago, an exaggeration; but in this respect the pit districts are wonderfully changed. The dangerous nature, the hard-working nature here and there, the Old-Father's club, the over-lookers, and other kindred institutions have moderated the conditions of the miners immensely. In many a cottage boundary you meet with

measured books. The "Pier's Progress" has been in some quarters. The "new ship" is the greatest cause of his distress, chiefly on account of the wretched paper, which the four walls of the establishment—thus becoming the chief of the drinker, and making him on any day to the money which takes the same paper.

WILLIAM W. TAYLOR.

LATE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM W. TAYLOR, whose portrait is given on this page, was the son of JOHN and SARAH TAYLOR, and was born in Trenton, New Jersey, January 26, 1800. His parents removed to New Brunswick, New Jersey, where he was quite a lad, and he attended the post-office there under BARNARD DAVIS, postmaster. In the year 1818, served there very acceptably for several years, when he was called to the New York Post-Office by General THOMAS BUTLER, postmaster, who appointed him chief clerk. In those days the work was performed by only about six or seven persons, and Mr. TAYLOR, as chief clerk, attended all the details himself, and the postmaster, with his family, lived in the same house, which was what is known as a three-apartment house, on the corner of William and Garden streets (now Exchange Place). The business of the office was transacted in the small side of said building in the corner till 1820, when it was removed, temporarily, to the "old school-house," opposite the Fourth Church, and the rooms were ready to the Exchange, corner of Nassau Street and Exchange Place, in 1822. After this Mr. TAYLOR, L. G. GOVERNOR was appointed postmaster, in 1822. By a technical anomaly, Mr. BARNARD DAVIS was continued in his place. Matters grew so unpleasant that Mr. TAYLOR, with his friend Mr. WILLIAM S. DICKMAN, said that Mr. GOVERNOR that they would leave on the 1st of December, 1822. Mr. GOVERNOR, however, prevailed upon them to remain until the 15th of the said month, which they did, and took their leave on that memorable evening; but before morning they were sent for, the Exchange, in which was the Post-office being on fire, so was also a very large district in that part of the city. They returned to the Post-office (impairment) and the office was located in the Baitards, in the Park. They then, in 1826, embarked in a legitimate business venture, which proved very successful, until it that the numerous failures of 1837 caused them to suspend. In the same year Mr. J. J. CONGER was appointed postmaster, and transferred the office of assistant postmaster to Mr. TAYLOR, which he accepted, and held during his term, and continued to hold that position under the successive administrations of



W. W. TAYLOR, LATE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.

JOHN L. GRANGER, ROBERT H. MORRIS, WILLIAM V. BAILEY, DAVID V. FOWLER, and General JOHN A. DIX. In the latter part of 1850 General DIX was called to the notice of Mr. GRANGER, and Mr. TAYLOR was appointed post-

master to fill the vacancy. In January, 1861, holding the position about one year; at the end of which time he was succeeded by Mr. ARTHUR WALKER, who presided over him so much in the office as his deputy.

Prior to the time of Mr. WALKER's appointment Mr. TAYLOR remained in connection with his son in New York. When General DIX was appointed postmaster, he called Mr. TAYLOR back to his old position as assistant postmaster, which required the information of the entire business community. He sought to fill the position until the time of his death, the satisfaction of all to his last business day. No officer of the department with it only named. His general rule and plan was, under the most trying circumstances, never out the numerous rules away with the assurance that their case would not be a law precedent; and it was his rule and that then on his very long term of office he was known to give an angry look, or utter an angry word. Mr. TAYLOR was an honest, hard worker and faithful public servant; he was kind and benevolent, and for the poor always in dollar. Among his subordinates he was as a father. He lives a widow and three boys in only moderate circumstances. He died 1 day evening, February 12, 1871, aged 71 years and 4 months.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, February 15, at the church on Washington Place. Mr. DIX presided, of which he was a member which was filled to a great number of society, including a large delegation of French officials. Mr. DIX presided, and I. T. TAYLOR, L. G. GOVERNOR, and were seated with marked distinction. His remains were taken to the Madeleine Cemetery, prepared to their final interment in Greenwood Cemetery.

FOOD FOR PAIRS.

The relief of the extraordinary distress of war exists in Paris and other cities of France is a duty which humanity imposes upon the of Europe and America. It is one which Germany, perhaps, are not bound to fulfill, and could not discharge even if it were left upon them. The danger of war prevents rendering of certain supplies to the great world, and in the presence you have to live here. But they require no special power applicable to a man like the present, and regardless of the need is not that in some of aid toward meeting it can be suggested. It is almost beyond our power to reach the position of a great capital on both of these matters. There is at this moment an absolute necessity to report of every body. It involves every thing that can be done, and yet the gift given as with it. Even when the wants of Paris are known a plan there will remain the enormous charity the deplorable provisions stored. The very time of war, which it has been the privilege



REVICTUALING OF PARIS—SHIPPING STORES FROM AN ENGLISH PORT.

THE ISSUE OF

NO. 100
MAR 24 1871

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VICTORIOUS PEACE.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

Here two hundred years ago an old or wounded English soldier who was obliged to sell his life for relief in his pain or distress, even if he succeeded in showing his right by domestic or some ancestral, received as a proper title what should have been given in the shape of grateful reward. It is true that a limited number of men served of

structure then familiarly known as Chelsea Hospital.

The liberality of Parliament in modern times has greatly increased the utility of this institution. Charles II. had no public grant to assist him in providing the fabric of the building, or even the site on which it stands, but an appeal to the army fund in connection a day after the year, and a

such an estate in money in his master's outfit for to under the rule of the service. But education in a birth lands the located at Chelsea is not in any of retirement, being reserved for those among the large body already mentioned to whom any ordinary pension in money could not bring credit support, by means of great age or infirmity. Fifty-five or sixty years of age usually qualify for admission, but wounds, or

wounds, and there is a handsome chapel, a reading room, a smoking room, a bar, and other conveniences of such an establishment are wanting, and the old men receive a well-allowance of tobacco money. These advantages do not always bring contentment, and occasionally an inmate desires to return to his old life which he is freely permitted to do.



SUNDAY AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL, ENGLAND.

accommodation from time to time is also known in which the crown had a right of presentation, but the number was very small, and the soldiers given one addition sufficient for the old man's wants. These considerations, and the importance of the large numbers of disabled old men wandering about, led King CHARLES II. to adopt some more efficient means of providing for them—on which became embodied in the

sufficient funds, when aided by voluntary contributions, to pay for land and buildings. This scheme proved successful in a very few years, which led to the permanent institution of soldiers. There are now 60,000 not pensioners, for whom support Parliament votes a million of money.

Owing to the liberal grant now made for pension, a soldier has an difficulty in obtaining

severe injuries by illness abroad, would give a claim under. In other cases, the soldiers are supposed to be supported by a family depending on him. The total number accommodated at Chelsea Hospital is 550. The average age of those in the house on 1st November last was over five years. They are provided with comfortable lodging and clothing, and a very liberal diet. They have physicians and nurses to see to their

The church on this page represents some of the old pensioners seated in the chapel, a very heroic look from the middle foreign captured flag suspended from the wall. The chapel and the whole of the hospital is large were designed and built under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, who is a member of the first Board of Governors of the institution.



THROWN COMPLETELY INTO THE SHADE.



THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—(See Page 312.)

THE CITY OF BUREAU—THE REAT OF THE FORTNIGHTLY GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.—(See page 245.)





CHINA MEN CELEBRATING THEIR NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.—(See Page 286.)



ALTAR IN THE CHINESE SHOP-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.—(See Page 286.)



THE DAWN OF PEACE





HON. E. A. WASHBURN, U.S. MINISTER TO FRANCE.—(See Page 267.)



KIDNAPING PARIS.—(See Page 267.)



TAKING TOLL AT A BARRICADE BEFORE PARIS.—(See Page 267.)

ATTACKING THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—(See Page 260.)



HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

WITTEN & GUTTENBERG
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

Captain Matherdale, whose portrait is given on this page, was a native of Greenwich, about thirty years of age, and unmarried. His father is living in Greenwich, and dependent upon him for support. His wife and two sons were living with him, and he was in the service of the Anchor line. He had command of the *Calcutta* in New York, and after three voyages was transferred to the *Europa*, which vessel he commanded to the day of his death. Just before leaving New York on the last home trip Captain Matherdale met Mr. R. A. Lewis, of Charleston Street, and requested him to have the picture made for his

M. Javanica has established the first mass dispersal in the ocean. By drifting it is common to bring up shells, but rarely eggs of any kind; thus, because transport, while if engaged in the action of the waves is active force. On the contrary, neither eggs nor larvae are found where they have been deposited, and the deep-sea water contains no free water such as this. It is, therefore, a powerful indicator of the popular opinion in that it is a living work was the case. The bottom of the world long ago have been shallow by two accumulation of enormous and products of evolution.

Evolution, the general material of which we find, and the sound covering their extraordinary resistance to these chemical elements which render other animal remains worthless. Merenda in the West, Atlantic Ocean and Asia, which now have been perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears like the impression of a hammer.



STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST

STREET ACROBATS.

They used to be called "rumbles," but now they are "contortionists," "gymnasts," and "acrobats." Just in proportion as they have lost their racy and shrewd, these street performers have acquired more gradually ascending tastes. But here they are not without their wit. (Has not the pugger, who looks modest in silk hair, and keeps a

few years will be considered among the things that were.

SMALL AGGRAVATIONS.

It is a nice question whether a man whose leg has just been amputated can feel the prick of a pin. If he can, it may be feared that the Em-

peror Napoleon, having received a copy of the book, thinks the Emperor not only for having thought of him, but for having thought him worthy of being one of the first to understand and estimate this work, which will not only be the honor of history and letters, but, as he explains in a very long sentence, circulate humanity. John Ruskin remarks that the idea of Napoleon III. will hereafter be sought in the "Life of

Grand Archbishop of Bourges, who, indeed, seems rather beyond the bounds of mental possibilities, as follows: "While reading this beautiful and surprising work I thought that John C. never was very fortunate in having encountered the Gauls and composed his commentaries, since otherwise the Emperor would have done better." It would have been interesting to see how Napoleon would have managed this.



STREET ACROBATS.

he "father," he is his brother, because "the old man," the remainder of "the remainder," the great man who can "see" a "problem," and the clerk on "completing."

In this country street performers, of the sort depicted in the illustration on this page, are rarely seen, and even on European cities there is but a few. They go about in rags and shreds, instead of large bands as of old, and find it a hard task to attract an audience. The few

young Napoleon is not favorable to the small age group of his great acrobats which are particularly cropping up. The publication of the same issue of the Empire must be one of the worst of these, as later in the commentary they show on the past glories of the Empire, and the hollow foundation of corruption and failure on which these rested. The complimentary letters addressed to the Emperor on the subject of his "Life of Caesar" are made like the most and

come," and that this grand figure, in which is named as though nothing could be added, will then receive fresh lustre and an exaggerated recognition of greatness. "The world of letters," he adds, "will be naturally proud and grateful. The Emperor Charles V. devoted well of the day when he picked up Spain's pen. You, Sir, have done better. You have taken up the pen of 'Napoleon,' and made it your own." But the highest light of all is taken by the Emperor.

The Emperor is about to join his wife and son to these English states, where he will have ample leisure to ponder these things, and reflect upon the extraordinary and ingenuity of his appropriate philosophy. Should he venture into the field of authorship again he will doubtless discover that the world was a vast difference between the Imperial author, who can draw his back from the Tiberian, and the noble in "Chloroform."







Lord Darnley. Dr. Alfred R. J. Jones. Dr. John A. Robinson. Lord on camp and ships. Frederick Douglass Russell. Dr. David Thomson.

THE ENGLINE MEMBERS OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.—(See Page 291.)



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THE WEEKLY

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 745.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT
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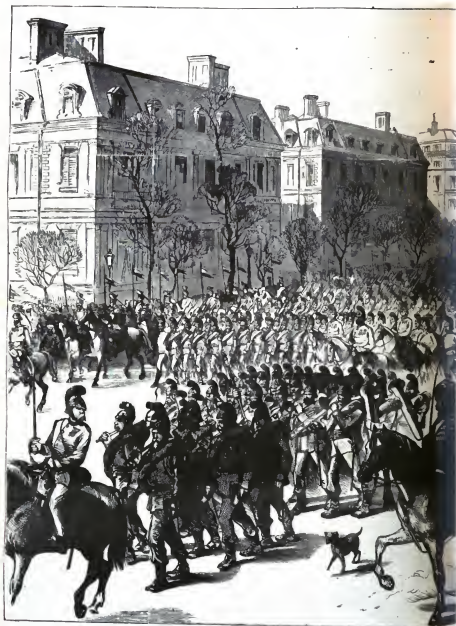
UNDER FIRE.—(See Page 216.)



MR. C. R. DARWIN, AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES."—(See Page 310.)



UHLÁN AT THE ABC DE TRIOMPHES.—(See Page 316.)



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE GUARD



IN THE CITY OF PARIS.—(See Page 312.)

WAITING FOR PROVISIONS.

A contemporary who visited Paris soon after the capitulation thus describes the scene depicted in the sketch on this page:

"The sight that presented me next on my last visit to Paris was a scene. They have here described often and often, and each scene is very like another scene, differing only perhaps in

hours of the distribution. I found a few steps up a street leading into this, and passed down the people as they passed me very far from. They all had to go under the inspection on a call, 'Eau de vin, liqueurs, Glaciers, Biscuits.' It was hard to be surrounded of women and children as they went to get their miserable portions of this soup made of horse flesh. I noticed a girl trying to take a piece high up in the queue, but she was

THE GERMAN ENTRY INTO PARIS.

Two double-page illustrations given in this Number show the triumphant entry of the Germans into Paris, which took place on the 1st of March. The first who entered the city early in the morning were a party of six troopers led by a young officer, Lieutenant d'Arment, who rode through the Place de l'Hotel, going round

Ome, detachment of cavalry, engineers, Uhlans, dragoons, and hussars, field artillery and Engineers of the Guard, and some of the best artillery and engineers. The entire number was about 50,000.

The correspondent of the London Times thus describes the scene: "The Duke of Orléans, General d'Arment, and other officers of staff rode in at the head of the troops, followed by a

SCENE AFTER THE SIEGE—WAITING FOR FOOD.



length. The one I saw was a very long one, because it was a very fine one. The pavement of the little street was narrow, admitting only one wheel, and so the queue went on and on all the street round, and I believe that round the corner the queue still went on about of a distance. Two National Guards kept the entrance to the little street, and saw that the people tried to be in order. The shutters of the shop were up, and on them was stretched in chalk the

made to go down to the very end. Chances of us too. The effect of the new capital was to be vindicated even at the expense of the future of the town. There was a distinction in all the time, and the real was being scraped and swept, making quantities of gas, coal, and spoiled meat pie." Paris has several times been put upon ration. The practice was first introduced in the reign of Louis XVI, when bread riots were of frequent occurrence.

the Arc de Triomphe, the observation bench is not having been removed. Soon afterward he was joined by a squadron, and other small detachments followed. The main body, however, entered in the afternoon, after a grand arrival by the Emperor's Imperial in the Place de la Bastille. They were the 10th and 11th French Dragoon regiments—Barrault's Dragoon, the Prussian Guards, including the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

squadron of Russian hussars, whose bright plumes of blue and white silk, evidently brand new for the occasion, shined brightly in the sun. There came two batteries of Russian artillery, and then rifles and infantry. It was evident that the Russians were to be allowed the honors of the day. There was the 'Lost Regiment,' which the Russians considered only a company of their original strength, and their flag hanging in retirement from the camp of a broken unit—the reg-

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THE ISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.—(See Page 386.)



THE PRIVACY OF SPEAKING TO A GERMAN SOLDIER.—(See Page 386.)



THE GERMANS AT THE TUILERIES.—(See Page 386.)
SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.



BASTY TIM.—"That Nigger—dat Tim—was a good 'un' in his."

[Written for HARPER'S WEEKLY.]
BASTY TIM. By JOHN HAY.[REMARKS OF A VENERABLE NEGRO JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S FORGOTTEN OF
MOUNTAIN POINT, TENNESSEE.]

I reckon I got your drift, gentles—
You 'un the best shucks say,
Tis it a white man's country?
Vain! Dismartin, you say,
And shorn, and smelt, and shorn,
The ones here all set at first,
The widge has got to move
From the house o' 'nigger! Thil
Let's reason the thing a while—
I'm an old fashioned dismartin too,
Though I laid my pickers out o' the way
For to keep off the war war through—
But I come back here, often!
To wait on I need to do,
Though it grates me like the devil to run
Along o' such folk as you.
Now stop my ears o' I like you,
To sit the light of the day,
What comes you to do with the question
If you shall go or stay
And fender that that I give notice,
If one of you takes the key,
He like think his tracks in a danger zone
That he'll find in history.
Why, Mass your heart, you hear me!
You know this mighty day
When our left stretch Yekking Heights, how stopped
And torn and covered on lay
When the war returned I could hold,
For reason soft and to me—
With a the road to, and a leg as a well,
I spotted on their road given.
Laid how the last war went for us,
And to that and stained and blood!
How the rebel leaders whined out—
"When a cross in his death gyle turned!"
Tis doing toward dark I come a thing
I reckon's better for a spell
That nigger—dat Tim—was a good 'un in his
Through that long road, abandoned hill!
The ophs men like an quick as me,
And the bullets burst like tops,
But he jumped for me and shranked out,
Though a shot brought him over to his knees,
But he snatched up, and pulled me off,
With a stone smother and fall,
Till the to me then he dropped on back,
His black side stilled with balls.
No, my gentle gentles, there my answer,
And here says Basty Tim
He stamped that's are for my that day,
And I'm not going back on him?
You may reckon till the ever come home,
But of one of his number the best,
He'll work his best through in hell,
Or my ears not Tilton day!

[Written for HARPER'S WEEKLY.]
IN THE MISSION GARDEN. By BERT HARRIS.
(1865.)

FATHER FRANK.

"Prison was the English work, but Frank
The work for me; it is not so, my Frank?
Oh, little rags! 'Ome, seems me the stronger
American."

He is my country we say. "Where the heart is
There live the spirit." Ah! you not understand? But
Frank on old men—what you call a dog?
Father Peter!

Old, Father, old! Just so old as the Mission.
You are not years—? How old you think, Father?
Fishes you? Twenty! Ah, Father, you Fifty
Come about I plant him!

You like the vine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year English blood,
All the same time when the mountains he come to
San Juan Mission.

But Frank is really, and she is the run-time;
And I am the olive, and this is the garden.
And Father we say, but her name is Francis,
Come like her mother.

Oh, you know her? No? Ah! it is a story—
But I speak not, the Father, the English,
No? If I say, you will do here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American came to the Mission
Many years in the house of Francis,
Gardens was his mother's lay the earth
Of San Juan.

No! he come much, and Francis she was his;
And it was love—was a very dry summer—
And the years take on the tree—and the rain come,
But not Francis!

You for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when some Francis—
Came to me here, a child but child, the Francis—
Enter the garden.

No, it was not—! but I speak not the English—
No! she was not, and she was for her husband,
Do I not so move, and she was on the hill-side
There about Francis.

It is not the garden. Will you please
It is not the garden. Will you please
Yes, and night—! at night to the night
John, Peter.

FATHERS (together).

No, has been wrong that you about matter!
For you, he was it in every situation
For about you say the old man's my father
What's your opinion?



In the Mission Garden.—"Oh, you know her? No? Ah! it is a story."



SCENE IN PARIS DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION—WAITING FOR A PASSAGE.—(See Page 366.)



INFANTINE CARRESS—AN ITALIAN MOTHER.—FROM A PICTURE BY W. BOUCHARD. —[See Page 336.]

THE REGISTER OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

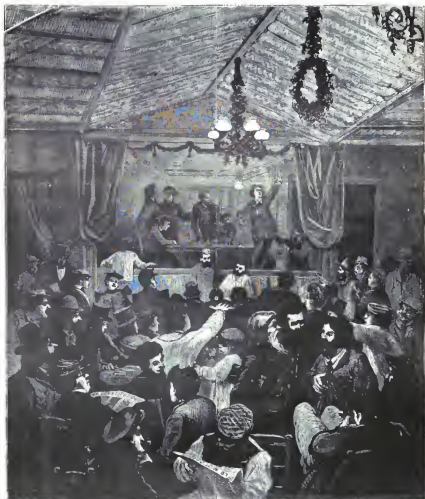
A
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MEETING OF A RED REPUBLICAN CLUB IN PARIS.—(See Page 265.)

THE COLUMN OF JULY.

THE Place de la Bastille, where in 1793 stood the famous prison fortress, which surrendered to the Paris mob, has since the war been the focus of revolutions of the Paris radicals and republicans. Here, indeed, the insurgent National

Guard was so strenuously assailed. Belling in a ravage was also a possible offense, for who has an avenger or a prince would indulge in such a luxury while his enemy was in such a state of defeat and disorder?

Moving nothing particular to do beyond mounting guns over the captured guns, and walk-

ing of the Goddess of Liberty, holding broken chains in one hand, and the torch of civilization in the other. The statue was the object of imperial adoration. A red flag was hoisted on the north, his head was crowned with laurel, and a number of other, several in laurel, which, and which for the honored gods. The top of

from various death by the courageous intervention of a brother officer. Some officers, however, determined to take away the red flag, which highly offended their sense of honor, and accordingly they moved the column, tore down the statue, and wrapped the national standard round the figure. This action caused



THE RED FLAG ON THE COLUMN OF JULY.

Guards may be said to have held their heads high, and was little the so-called republicans who wandered into their prisons. A Parisian mob is always dangerous and unpredictable, and it was not until the French were defeated in the war of 1870-71, that the French were able to hold their heads high. Every struggle was in its eyes a French or a spy, and therefore de-

ing about in popular democratic professions, the Reds seemed themselves by decorating the Column of July, which in 1830 was erected in the Place de la Bastille in commemoration of the revolution of the July 1830, and when the statue of them killed in the revolution of February, 1848, were also depicted. The monument is surrounded by a large gilt-bronze figure

the column was also profusely and tastefully decorated with wreathed flags, laurel, and oak leaves, in remembrance of the fact that the decorations were French and not British.

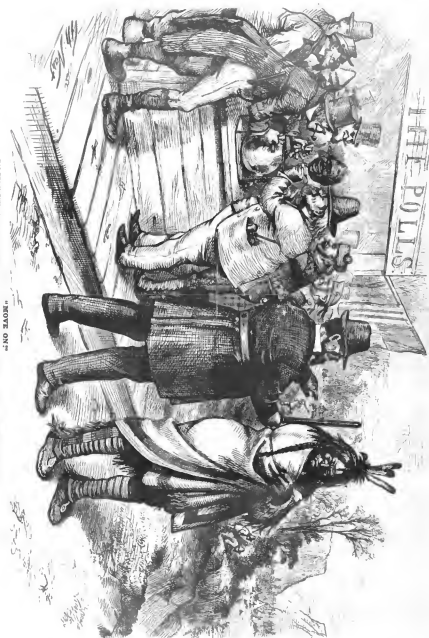
Proof of their work, the column stood that the bronze should be put on it, and ordered an officer of Zouave, who happened to be passing, to make it. He refused, and was only saved

an immense commotion among the crowd below. "Non, nous ne touchons pas!" was shouted in every direction, the statue was immediately removed and inclosed in the rails beneath the column, and the bronze statue was again hoisted, and placed in its place. The male officer, however, destroyed the statue with a cannonball, so there is the statue on this page.



THE BARRICADE OF WINTER.—(See Poem on Page 361.)

SEE THE NATIVE AMERICAN NO RIGHTS THAT THE NATURALIZED AMERICAN IS WORTH TO RESPECT—[See Page 361.]



REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

THE Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D., the eloquent and popular pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is of Scotch descent. His ancestors emigrated from Ireland to the north of Ireland in one of those numerous emigrations which gave that coast to the province of Ulster, distinguishing it, as Freeman, from the south of Ireland, which is almost wholly Roman Catholic. He was born in the County Antrim, on the 21st of July, 1817, in the house occupied by his family for six successive generations. His father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a man of influence in the civil and social circles as well as in the circle of his own parish. The son, of course, was well indoctrinated in the Westminster Confession of Faith, but he did not regard a thorough classical and literary training and was prepared to attend Balliol College in the early age of thirteen. Though not distinguished when his class applications to vacant appointments during his college course, he carried off the prize in his literary work, which perhaps was an indication of the field of study and of effort in which his talents were to be most conspicuously employed.

After his graduation he began to take a more or less view of human life and of its grand prospects. He became a member of one of the Churches of his father, and entered upon a course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry. In his theological studies he was the foremost student of his class, uniformly taking the prize in the ordinary examinations. He was licensed to preach by the Synod of the Presbytery of Dublin, in July, 1840, and in 1841 received a call, not from a foreign episcopate, but from his own class, to become their minister in a station among a Roman Catholic population in the west of Ireland. It was a trying service to a youth of twenty years, fresh from the academic halls, but he was equal to the situation, and while his ministrations were taking upon the people to whom he was sent, he was gathering strength in this school of discipline and study.

He was under the necessity of facing thoroughly acquainted with the system of Romanism, and in such a position as one of the Protestant clergymen here harnessed. "The training was of great service to him when he was afterwards called to occupy a more delicate position in his native land, and it is one of his many qualifications for the arduous post which he now holds in his adopted country."

In the month of January, 1845, he was installed pastor of the church at Armagh, the mother of the county of the present town, and the seat of the archbishopric of the Province of all Ireland.



REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.—(Frammeuse in Successor & Co.)

Of his residence here his successor, a published historical document, says: "Favorable, his calm, and vigorous, he devoted himself most assiduously to all departments of pastoral work. Laboring incessantly all day, and studying the evening all night, his influence soon began to tell upon the community." From this charge he was called, in 1848, to the pastoral of the church of Mary's Abbey, near Kildare, in the city of Dublin, where he took his usual morning six flow parishes of the Irish capital, and among his foremost men in the world of let-

ters and in public influence. He continued to be a close student, not confined to the branches of history, but also conversant with the practical life, his going round attention to those matters of science which some of the leading institutions of the Old World, as well as the New, have attempted to turn against the Bible. His power and influence were most acknowledged, and on long after his removal to Dublin he retained from the Queen the honorary office of Chaplain of the Exchequer for Ireland, performing its responsible duties, without the re-

spond, until he returned to his present field of labor, and asserting himself, with distinguished success, in several of the most important positions of education and literature. While accepting this position his name was recognized for the Irish General Assembly. Although formerly popular, and receiving a warm support from those who agreed with him in mission, he was distant from the ground of his religious establishments, having already taken the Assembly ground on this subject. But he was not in a position to make a public mind in a grand oration, that, of course, the complete strength of the principle he advocated and expounded in his sermon.

In the spring of 1867 he was appointed a delegate, by the Irish General Assembly, to the Presbyterian convention of this country. Arriving in this city, he went immediately to Chicago, where the 10th Annual General Assembly was in session. His eloquent speech on the occasion of his reception, which was one of the ablest and best of the Assembly, will soon be forgotten by any of his hearers. He was welcomed by the New York Assembly at Baltimore with the same warm-hearted cordiality, and also by other Presbyterian bodies. The correspondence over which he now labors had no opportunity to see him here to hear his voice during his stay in this country, but such was the interest he had in every cause that, on coming together in the fall of the year, they made out a unanimous call, which was sent to him by the same cable. It was at once accepted, and deeply had he become interested in our country during his visit. The arrangements for his mission were quickly made, and on the 2d of November, 1867, he commenced his ministrations in the church of which he is now the honored pastor. He was installed on the evening of the same day.

From the Rev. Dr. Hall, we received the warmest assurances of his people, and the deeply interested attention of all who have come within the range of his voice to influence. His church is crowded in all weather and on all occasions. His week-day services and his Bible class instructions have been attended not only by the members of his own parish church, but by representatives of all denominations. He has greatly promoted the cause of Christianity simply by bringing together, in his own words, the members of other churches whom he did not interfere with attendance on their own church services.

Dr. Hall is not an eloquent preacher in a common acceptance of the term. He is eloquent in his flight of theory or of rhetoric; but from



CALIFORNIA TERMINUS OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—(San Francisco 1867.)

the moment that he rises to speak he draws the attention of his hearers by his clear enunciation, his solid words of instruction rarely mist, his varying emphasis drawn from the imagination of living truth, and his pungent speech, uttered with a pathos peculiarly his own, and with an intense earnestness, which at times breaks out almost to a cry of passion, that gives

Dr. Hays is in constant request as a public speaker—not the platform as well as in the pulpit—and none is more apt to draw a crowded house, but he never speaks without leaving something to say, or without saying it well and to the point. Consequently he always attracts the full attention of his audience, and always makes a strong impression.

including the Democrats and Abolitionists and Leavenworth of high descent; and for eighteen years he has been conspicuous, in the ranks of his brethren, not merely for great eloquence and great force of character, but as a man of unblemished integrity, of true courage, of large benevolence, of unfeigned piety—a man whose views were always honest and liberal, his convictions

BERLIN EXULTANT.

On July 18, 1870, Berlin was profusely illuminated in honor of the declaration of war. (19) March 3, 1871, the town was still more resplendent with flaming dragons and myriads of light lamps, this time, however, in honor of the brilliant victory of the past night months, and of



PEACE CELEBRATION IN BERLIN.

the heart of his hearers. His preaching is particularly strong. With all the wealth of learning and power of language that he has at command, he speaks only in the language of the people. His sermons abound in the most happy illustrations, drawn from the wide range of his reading, but they are introduced to illustrate the subject, and not the speaker.

We close this sketch with an extract from an article written by one of the ablest of the Country Ministers, on the occasion of Dr. Hays's leaving Berlin to come to this country: "For one year he was occupied in raising Dublin (Ireland) to their present and commanding position in the days when James Freeman preached to a thousand hearers in W and Forest,

deep and heavy, with few antipathies and many sympathies, yet his sermons, in all his stages, marked by devotion. We can think of his life proudly and cheerfully, as of the course of a river filling its channel from bank to bank, flowing onward by the force of its own simple stream, and, with sufficient integrity, watering the fields and the forests on either side."

the conclusion of an extravagant peace. Still, widely as these two sections differed, the interests of both were the same, and as this year was there no great sign of excitement, further than a large crowd quietly parading the streets, phlegmatically gazing at the various illuminations, and snoring at no inconsiderable intervals or portions for the red-hot night of



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sible for every pang that racks the head. Regularize, tone,

and harmonize the action of these allied organs with

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT,

and you cure the complaint at its source.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir: The subscription to the new 5 per cent. Loan of the United States reported in the Twenty-
second number to \$1,000,000. The schedule of the Public Debt of April 1 shows a reduction
from March 1, to the principal of \$11,001,531, and in the interest charge upon the Debt of
\$113,587 per annum. The following table exhibits the progress of reduction in the Public Debt
and in the annual interest charge thereon since the Debt reached its maximum at the close of the
War of the Rebellion:

RECAPITULATION OF REDUCTION OF PRINCIPAL OF THE UNITED STATES			
	Balance of last A.D. 1870, July 1, 1870.	Sum of sums of last A.D. 1870, March 1, 1870.	Principal due on last A.D. 1870, April 1, 1870.
Five per cent. on par, each...	\$600,308,000	\$1,078,297,500	\$1,418,000,000
Other six per cent. each...	\$100,944,000	\$1,078,297,500	\$1,418,000,000
Three per cent. on par, each...	\$175,000,000	\$1,078,297,500	\$1,418,000,000
Three per cent. on par, each...	\$175,000,000	\$1,078,297,500	\$1,418,000,000
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THE ISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 748.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
PRICE TEN CENTS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1857, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



WILLIAM, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—[See Page 206.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, April 20, 1871.

10F CHAMBER BEARS'S new story, "A Thousand Taverns," is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this renowned source of fiction. It was commenced in *Harvard Weekly* for March 5, and is continued in the present number.

THE ANOLOGYISTS OF THE KLU-KLUX.

HOWEVER, I suggested the reports of the Klu-Klux cruises may be, there can be no question whatever of the serious disturbance of many parts of the Southern States. In Mississippi, for instance, Governor ALBION BARNES is said upon the National Government, but he is not a member of the Legislature, and he is said to maintain a force of cavalry to keep the peace. The simple sense of authority is regarded to the detriment in North Carolina, where the report of Senator BROWN is said to be the point of the Klu-Klux. In the case of the first war in South Carolina, as well as in the case of the second, in illustration of the condition of mind of the Southern part of the

[illegible][illegible]

From the New York World, which is an organ of the Democratic party, we quote a specimen as there is of the Democratic party which all must "acquiesce in." In the next issue of the war, calls that insurance a "further" "unpopular" "avenged." It says: "part of the twenty black coffins and crosses which were placed on the graves of the soldiers who murdered Mr. Sullivan here, when they richly deserved, although justice came about last in consequence of a Black

[illegible]

GERMANY IN NEW YORK

The German Peace Festival in New York was one of the most significant dates in the history of the city. During four hours the great procession passed through the chief streets, and the thousands of people viewing led away a shadow and merriment. Page was every where flying, and there were a more conspicuous figure. Heberle was given great prominence here American or Irish. But Americans are always adherent to their own nation, and the German people are not less patriotic. It is in which we in this country habituated, and which ought to be the support and brightness of life, is the garment of hope; and an Irishman's heart is not less patriotic than a German's heart. But the Germans have the genius of organization. There is many a city of Dresden, or Munich, or Hanover, or Berlin, and many a city of New York. The first hundred papers and all of them are the first hundred dollars than most Americans from twenty or thirty cents as much. In the national character, at large, the German people, as well as the American people, are very patriotic, and which brought King William of Prussia to be crowned Emperor of Germany at

[illegible]

Finally, looking for the explanation of the increase in superiority which the German war machine in the late war with the French, we must consider not only the civil system and the military system, but also the political system and the social system. It is not enough that the weapons become sharpened and improved; they must be used in a new way. There was great deal of food for thought in the German soldier in general and in himself with a little Heine when he was young and naive; it was not only the German soldier, but it was as significant a factor as he in the explanation of the German operations. The best of the military system in the world will not make the best soldiers nor of worthless men. It is not enough that we get the best weapons from the best technology; we must have the best men, and they should be the finest class from the society. The observation of the French officer, Colonel Frotters, after a long and profound study of the Prussian military system, that the quality of the soldier is the most important factor, that the quality which especially characterizes and strengthens the army is the moral preparation of the soldier, "that is, a remarkable preparation of the values of moral forces from a religious crime. And this

is a striking coincidence that a thoughtful article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, written perhaps by the Marquis of Salisbury, attributes the decline and fall of France to the spirit of the revolution of '93, which, by insisting wisely upon equality, had destroyed in the French mind the sense of duty, and consequently of responsibility.

The Norse wisely take why this great German element of idleness and intelligence should be so patently combined with Avarice is the cause of the great city of New York, the oldest English colony. Whence the German element is powerful, as in the Northwest, and in various parts of Texas, even the Republics fail in the American. The Democratic leaders could never do much with the Germans, who, scarcely rejected slavery, and were not in the least in sympathy with the Union. But the intelligence, the respect for order, the love of liberty, which underlie the Republics fail, and make it, therefore, in the narrow and most comprehensive sense, the national party, not tacitly agreeable to the Constitutional and powerful interests of that State in a German, however sincere.

THE KU-KLUX AND AMNESTY.

[illegible][illegible]

One of Mr. PHILLIPS'S finest passages is a denunciation of the English policy in Ireland a hundred years ago. Remembering that, we see three things that ought to be done in the

parties put the issue to a vote. First, the proposition of a referendum to change the constitution which some see as the best deal of all the options was rejected. Then, the proposition that the agreement that still was made potentially could be reversed by a general amnesty, which would allow the military to return to the government to be reviewed by the witness selection committee, was rejected. The referendum was held in every State. And the government, meanwhile, was not allowed to take any further steps than those when it was first rejected. The referendum was held in every State. And the government, meanwhile, was not allowed to take any further steps than those when it was first rejected. The referendum was held in every State. And the government, meanwhile, was not allowed to take any further steps than those when it was first rejected.

EASTER REJOICING

[illegible]

wherefore brings it home to the heart and universally impresses it, is better wrought in with honey and green, like to me of the much and cold it is made like this. The old theory that requires the forbidding, something significant from common life—the theory that requires a sick woman, morbidity personae, like a saint, and oppose this world to another—in a sense the political theory that divides the government from the people. A better political wisdom would be to make the world itself a part of the religious persuasion makes religious perfect and holier, not sick and mad, and unites this world with the next, and uses with society, by the fact of immortality. Consume of this world, is which drive here now, on to be better than the world, and the world is to be placed. Dr. W. A. R. has a great many good and terrible reasons to answer for, but he says truly when he says,

“Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.”



A NEW ZEALAND WAR CANOE BACK—(OUR PASS BY.)



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUESS OF



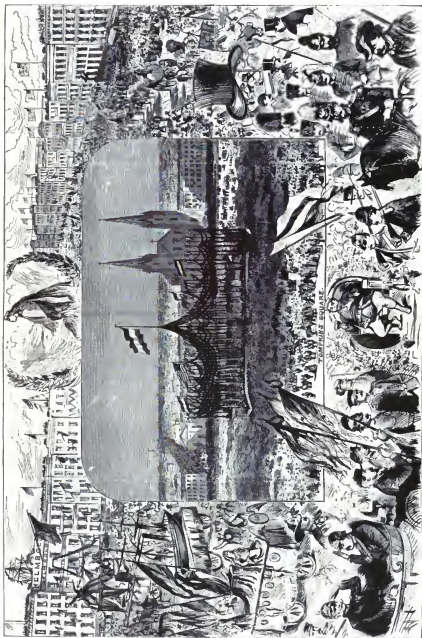
FE IN SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.—(See Page 347.)



PRINCE BISMARCK.—[See Page 360.]



COUNT VON MOLTKE.—[See Page 360.]



THE GERMAN PEACE CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.—(From Photo No. 1.)

THE EDITOR OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 245.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1871.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT
PRICE TWO CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILORS' PREACHER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, SCOTCH.—(See Page 406.)

VACCINATION.

Born in England and this country there exists a general panic in regard to small-pox, and thousands of people are rushing to their doctors to be re-vaccinated—happy if "it takes," because they may have escaped great danger; and still happier if it doesn't, because it shows them to be safe, and at the same time shows that from

looking at so many hundreds of workmen in the districts of policemen being vaccinated by divisions, and of the extension of the "provisions of the act" in the very centers of the pest. There has certainly not been what being necessary, say the English journals, any thing so nearly approaching a national movement in vaccination as that which has been witnessed there during the past few weeks.

Look at the calm satisfaction of those who have been submitted to the operation; the gloomy resignation of those who are preparing for it; the shrinking terror of those who are actually under the lancet. What a storm of emotion is a ten-cup of inoculation! The last inspired by the operators to perhaps the majority of cases is really disbelieving in those who are accustomed to take comfort in certain theories as to the

duration, quantity, the symptoms of the remedy, in England, means to make themselves ridiculous. They have formed an anti-vaccination league, which brings a small fine on every member who refuses to the operator! The point against the process are often quite curious. A will not be vaccinated because he believes it is not good for the body, and it declines because he thinks it is bad for the soul.



THE DISTRICT VACCINATOR.

a very irritating trial to the temper. In England this panic is even greater than it has been here, and we read in the English papers accounts of vaccination by wholesale, of crowds of men, women, and children waiting for hours at the doctor's door; of school boys getting a half holiday, and going to school "to be done"; of everyone taking the record of the great inoculation, and "prob-

The picture on this page exhibits some of the ludicrous aspects of the panic. Vaccination, like smallpox, is one of those essentially national things which is almost impossible to regard nationally. A whole nation solemnly bearing its left arm and waiting to be scratched—it is a ludicrous image. The very precautions which which people go about it tends to make it laughable.

national phobias. In one town, in which a number of men and boys were vaccinated at the same time, two of the boys went off to a dead fight the moment the lancet touched them; and a man fainted as white as his shirt collar while the operation was being performed, and had to be carried away by two men as it was done. And if there could be no nation able to be vac-

If people would only consider what small-pox used to be, in ages preceding Dr. Jenner's great discovery—how whole cities and provinces were sometimes half depopulated by the ravages of this fearful plague—they would more easily understand the value of vaccination as a safeguard, and not consider it such a terrible bore when they have to have their arms to the doctor's lancet.



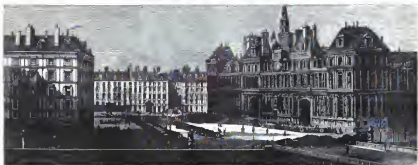
DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.



REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES



BIVOUAC OF NATIONAL GUARDS IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, WITH THE BARRICADES ERUPTED BY THE INSURGENTS.



NATIONAL GUARDS PREPARING TO FIRE ON THE PEOPLE IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.
STREET VIEWS IN PARIS—INCIDENTS OF THE COMMUNIST REVOLT.—(See Page 412.)

her heart and stomach her constant enemy. But I shall not tell her, for she is too good to be troubled by her thoughts.

"And was Mrs. Witherby always as this is pointed there since you remember her?" inquired she.

"No, madam. When she first came home with her child she was very different, though not more unlike to this person than to the other."

THE COMMUNISTS IN PARIS.

We give on page 409 a series of sketches from which our readers may form an idea of the present condition of the unhappy republic of France under the rule of the Reds. The view of the Hotel de Ville shows how thoroughly the impious streets are harried. The building is the chief headquarters of the Reds. There is

on the 25th of March they proclaimed the Commune from the tower with great ceremony. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is strongly fortified and guarded, and an enormous number of cannons are pointed there. A wretched crowd of soldiers are inside the place, and National Guards, Makhos, Lira, and Garibaldians were shot, moving at the crowd's head, and are apt to make no unpleasant remarks on any stranger

quarters of the insurgents as possible, so as to obtain an inkling of what was going on. Women of every class, though particularly those of the lower order of Parisians, who are known for their readiness to take a hand in political wars, formed a conspicuous feature of the scene. Even in cities and modern revolutions, the Paris women have shown themselves most energetic and active in the cause of individualism. In the rage



A BARRICADE IN PARIS.

the was still young, but neither before nor behind. Let us not talk of it, madam, if you please. This is a pretty sketch of the Lower Fall, my master was so good as to present the work, and to write his own name beneath it. And this is a sketch of Master's when he was a child. A pretty sketch he used to get it in the night of it, because it made him black; and so, you see, it was being high, not off his neck."

a certain suspension among the Paris population that whenever party holds the leading rule France, and thus the leaders of all popular insurrections have always managed to carry it. On the 10th of September last the Republic of the empire and the interest of the republic were declared from the Hotel de Ville, and were during the siege the Reds used to gain possession of it, but during this time they have surrounded, and

where they expect to be an avenger to get, if they do not make him the recipient of more practical marks of their dislike.

Another sketch on the same page represents a scene often witnessed in some of the more frequented streets of Paris during the height of the Commune. This was especially the case at the Rue de Rivoli, which was a favorite resort of the soldiers, who would not get to near the head-

of horse the wagon took the lead, and in many cases showed themselves even more lively and cruel toward the honest workmen than their aristocratic brethren. In the present revolution the women have shown themselves almost worthy of their sisters of 1793-45; and when, during the siege, an English gentleman was arrested in Paris as a spy, one of these good Parisians proposed to throw him in prison and to let him be

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 750.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
FIVE TEN CENTS.]

THE WAR AT PARIS.

We give in this number of the Weekly new and illustrations of the civil war now raging in and around Paris. One in this page represents the barricade erected by the Red Republican troops in the Place du Clouy, with some cannon and a tree of liberty planted near the statue.

The illustration on page 430 shows the defeat of the insurgents on the bridge of Neully on the 2d of April. They had besieged Frouin's (a former village on the slope of Mont Valérien), Courbevoie, with the large batteries there, and the bridge of Neully. The corps of the Versaille army under command of General Vinoy, surprised ground immediately contiguous. The Reds had strongly barricaded the

bridge of Neully and kept behind the batteries at Courbevoie, situated at the end of a long avenue forming an angle with the Avenue de St. Denis, and leading to the third point de Courbevoie, within the citadel of the fort Vincennes was raised some years ago from the Place Vendôme. The body of troops from Vincennes, sent by General Vinoy to act against the insurgents, had about 2000 strong, marched at day-

light. But a second body, in support of the first, numbering 10,000 men of different arms, came from Neuilly about an hour later, and remained in reserve a short distance in rear of the first. This attack was made about ten o'clock in the morning, and after a severe engagement the Red Republicans had back within the fort, and took shelter behind the ramparts on each side of the Porte Maillot. On page 432 will be found



THE WAR AT PARIS—BARRICADE IN THE PLACE DU CLOUET.



RELIEF FOR FRANCE.—MR. A. T. STEWART'S BARK AT HAVRE.—[See Page 431.]



EXPECTATION.—[See Page 431.]



THE WAR AT FARM-HOUSES OF THE CAMPBELL—(See Page 431.)



THE BATTLES OF THE LADYBIRD—(See Page 431.)

THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

Two days have passed for hanging up the weapons on the wall—although not for leaving them in the place, as they may be wanted again shortly—and resting after the fatigue of war. The men are marching home with laurel wreaths about their heads and on the evening of their

returning down, returns to his work, his plowing or harrowing, his harrowing or weeding. We rejoice, accordingly, because we have passed some more; but there is something more than that in the matter. The unexpected, who stands the most in need of peace, makes an exception; but the victor, because he is the victor, and his heart is glad with his victory, lights up his eyes.

son is his nephew, just the key in his pocket, and gone out to look at the illustrations, and drink water with his neighbor, who has doubtless a key of the same pattern in his pocket. Behind the gun-light the arrow is kept well out of sight; but it is there, nevertheless, and those who have paid more heavily for the good things we eat than those who require over them.

young men draw the other's attention to the latest delivery, which means victory, but also attack back, warning, at the night, because to him they meant the price we pay for victory, and so, amidst all rejoicing, there are those who speak in scorn. Those who, fighting and dying on the field of battle, have bought the victory with their blood, have a language of thankfulness to

THE PRICE OF VICTORY.



ride: the cities are bowing out to them from basement to parapet; flags wave out of the windows; crowds throng the road below; there are triumphal arches for the returning victors to march through; there are addresses to be read, and shouts to be given, and all the pomp-horror of rejoicing to be gone through, before we settle down once more to the old ways, and such ones,

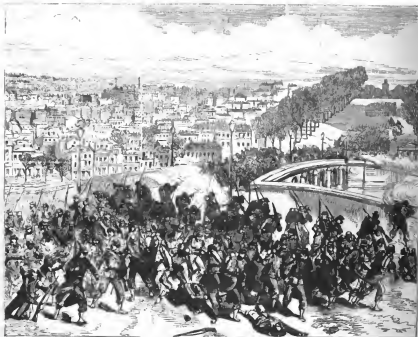
for the reception of the welcome stranger, while flying columns of smoke upon his buildings, and clouds of long greetings all be in heaven. He puts his sword on one side for the occasion, and, glancing over his shoulder where his own country lies, thinks how much and how every thing appears there, and determines that there shall be nothing to mar his own festival. He looks up the stairs

Do Quercus, in that paper on "Mell Coaches," which he speaks of carrying the news of victory down into the country, tells us how they traveled, dashed out with laurels, heralded by the bluffs of the guard's trumpet. One of these journeymen, when they have seen of Telemachus, they come suddenly within view of a carriage containing an old and a young lady in mourning. The

the merry, but a heritage of sorrow to the few who are most dear to them. The city is bright with light, and alive with busy throng, and men are greeting each other by the hand; however a great battle has been won, and brought peace to its wake; and the millions and millions of those who did this good thing, in their old, black dresses, and in the company of sad and solemn



SALMON-FISHING.—[SEE PAGE 436.]



THE WAR AT PADOA—REPLUG OF INSURGENTS AT THE BRIDGE OF VENEZIA.—[SEE PAGE 436.]

MARCH OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT SHANGHAI.



A CRISIS IN CHINA.

We give on this page a sketch of a body of volunteers organized for self-defense by the British residents of Shanghai. Here, here, and as they are all represented, and taken all in all, there is not a finer or more heroic body of men to be found in the world. The official strength of the corps is about five hundred, of all nationalities, but chiefly, of course, English, many of them old soldiers in home. The corps, though nominally formed out of the ranks of an old volunteer corps, is of quite recent formation, but the efficiency of organization and general military training of the men is well to be reckoned.

The necessity for such an organization on this becoming apparent when we reflect that the European residents of China are a mere drop in the ocean of humanity, and that a sudden panic or

superstition terror might at any moment, as at Tientsin, turn the smiling millions around them into bands of raging savages. Even now, if the news from Shanghai were to travel, the reaction is palpable. The light patriotism which spurs the preparation of the Tian volunteers seems to have solidified the ignorance and financial means of the empire in least upon a more or less old system of aristocratic maintenance for so many centuries. The popular rage is properly directed against the missionaries, and especially against some of their most brutal and worst. To reconvert, in a measure, the common sense of the missionaries and similar of children, the States of China established feeling against them; and the belief went abroad among the superstitious people that they were through modern weapons were engaged in a wholesale slaughter of the innocents, leaving the latter men from their homes, reaching them up in

the streets, digging out their eyes for purposes of witchcraft, and converting their hearts and loins into instruments of systematic power.

The imperial government at Peking has, in answer, been driven by the popular clamor to reverse its recent policy, and bid defiance to all the foreign powers. It has made a demand upon the foreign governments that should for the restoration of Peking be abolished, that the compelling to make subjects of the empire of all districts reported to them of CONFESSION be forbidden, that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects, and that women shall not be permitted access to the empire in that capacity. It is also notified to the missionaries that the missionaries of women upon religious service are one of the exceptions for the recent measures of foreigners, and that though these events can not be declared by the imperial government, consequences for their conversion is absolutely repudiated.

This is nothing less than the repudiation of all treaty obligations, and the proclamation of a crusade against Christianity. The massive, deep-seated of the protection of their own flag, can be paralleled with the utmost severity and cruelty for a violation of the doctrine forbidding them to convert native subjects of the empire to the Christian religion. The consequences of this action can not fail to be very serious, and very grave services are even government in a war with home. The treaty of 1842 with China recognizes the rights of "any person, scholar citizen of the United States or of Great Britain," "personally to" "used and preserve the principles of Christianity" within the dominions of the empire without interference on missions. It recognizes American citizens from the jurisdiction of Chinese courts. It guarantees to Americans the protection of the Chinese authorities against "all insult or injury of any sort." And, finally, it pro-

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT
PUBLISHED WEEKLY]

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THE STREET-CAR MURDER.

A few days ago the city was shocked by the sensational murder of a gentleman on a street car, under circumstances of great mystery. The victim, Mr. ARTHUR D. PUTNAM, was a member of deserved repute, his mother was WILLIAM PUTNAM, a member of the Broadway line of street cars. The circumstances of the tragedy, briefly stated, were as follows:

On Wednesday evening, April 25, Mr. PUTNAM, in company with one lady, William Putnam and daughter, was proceeding up town in a Broadway car. Opposite the latter (from his father's daughter) if she had seen the clock in one of the towers of that building, and playfully remarked that it was as high as to require a platform to see it in a cloudy situation. The entrance of the young lady being noticed, she stepped to the front-door, from which she was about to alight, to alight a better view, when she was startled by the driver and by PUTNAM, who was standing just outside the door. Finding she had attracted their attention, she stepped back into the car and returned her seat by her mother. The latter immediately closed the door. It was instantly thrown open by PUTNAM, who burst headlong at the ladies. Madame DRYDEN shut the door in his face. It was immediately pulled open again and the latter repeated: "It was not until this moment that Mr. PUTNAM became aware of these women. He promptly ascended, stepping to the front-door and saying something to PUTNAM, which was unintelligible to the audience of the car, as he stepped back. PUTNAM followed, saying that he had paid his fare, and would have the door open if he liked. Mr. PUTNAM ascended and the lady rose up and could not have the door open, and then added, when PUTNAM had a right to a seat, that she and her mother were away the ladies, as they were with him. Mr. PUTNAM then sat down again, and PUTNAM flung himself down into a seat beside Miss DRYDEN, when her mother immediately removed to



MR. ARTHUR D. PUTNAM, THE VICTIM OF THE STREET-CAR MURDER.

the other side, whereupon the latter said, "What is your business?" to which Madame DRYDEN replied, "she is my daughter, Mr. PUTNAM then asked Mr. PUTNAM, "How do you get on going?" but receiving no reply, repeated his question in a low, harsh, and stern, and, in the end, in a voice of intense hatred and control, exclaimed, "Well, I am going as far as you do, and I'll give you a hand when you get it."

On arriving at Penn. with PUTNAM, Mr. PUTNAM and the ladies under his protection got out by the rear door. PUTNAM's last action before his entrance on the front platform. The moment Mr. PUTNAM stepped from the car PUTNAM seized the driver's arm back, and so the rear of the car, and struck his victim a smother blow on the head with the heavy implement. Mr. PUTNAM fell to the ground in full sight of the conductors. PUTNAM made his escape, the conductor rang the bell, and the driver stepped out from under a van, leaving Mr. PUTNAM lying directly on the down track. No one intervened. Some of the passengers stepped to assist the ladies in dragging the body of their unfortunate friend to the sidewalk, out of the way of a down car. This was rapidly accomplished. He was at length taken to a drug store, and shortly returned, after a long stay, to a private house, where he remained for some time waiting the arrival of the police surgeons. After all further done he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he died on the morning of the 27th of April.

PUTNAM was promptly arrested, and has been indicted for murder by the Grand Jury. The case has created great excitement in the city, and the daily papers are filled with letters, and strong expressions of outrage, on moral in the street cars. The shock is given of a man crowded with women and children at night to be witnessed every day on almost every line in New York. Most of the conductors and drivers are either in league with their victims, or are cruel to them in the hope of getting their passengers from frequent snuff and outrage.



SCENES OF STREET-CAR TRAVEL IN NEW YORK.—(DRAWN BY C. S. BARNARD, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOD.)



THE IRON GATE OF THE DABURA, NEAR GINUYA, IS WALLACHIA.—(See Page 46.)



PARIS UNDER THE RED FLAG—SCENE IN 1848



HE HOTEL DE VILLE.—[See Page 400.]



ENTERPRISE OF PARIS NEW-BOYS—SMUGGLING PAPERS OVER THE BATTLEMENTS.—[See Page 460.]



THE DELAYED TRAVELER.—FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD MANN.—[See Page 461.]

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

The worst **DISASTERS** these hundred years ago, and as, in color and more simple words, with the French crowd in the illustration on this page, as they watch that wretched Landwehrman who a few weeks ago was thought to be the

during the siege did so much execution in the Faubourg and the neighboring quarters. Here, where they left, they were heard, and ran away, and the crowd moved their hands and feet, with a brief exclamation that they did while bravely fighting for King and Fatherland, one on the 12th, the other on the 27th January, 1871. While the soldier gazed on those trees

is asked by more than one of the spectators. Although in many cases, as in the church, soldiers have been forced away, and because with a noise and an exception to himself, he for the grumpy number are heard in bushes of twigs, thorns, and even branches, the only sound being a place of wind whistling with the branches of the larches and birches.

reason for putting on the same; and the man is made to sit him perfectly—a thing more easy to do in nature than in a picture. The night promises to be bitterly cold, for it is winter; the snow is a burden, the sky is clear. And to find one's self straying from the road, perhaps something about what a man, on a frosty night with only sunlight to direct, would be awkward as

A TOUCH OF NATURE—A SCENE FROM LIFE AT CREVELLTON.



most cruel and suffering men to soldiers, but who now, while dropping a silent tear on the grave of one of his companions in arms, prove to be only human after all. The man, a Bavarian soldier, about to return home to his country, has come to pay a farewell visit to the last resting-place of his two comrades, his brother and his cousin. They had fallen while serving at that famous Chateau, famous which

invitations, doubtless resulting some of the pleasure from the three comrades had spent together, and the battles where they had fought side by side, the crowd moved quietly by and mark him half solemnly, half sympathizingly. They, too, men of courage, who a few minutes before only regarded the intruder with an ironical sneer, now had a kind of pity for him, and his sigh, as he takes a last look at the grave,

THE RELATED TRAVELER.

The **CLERICAL** drawing that ended, an engraving of which may be found on page 460, is the production of Mr. Lawrence H. Starr, an English artist of some reputation. The drawing is admirable. The powerful lines, the dark, strong, and in part which, for his body, is translucent. Doubtless he has his own person

well as naturally. But supposing there is no danger of being the way, one might guess at various other reasons why the traveler should speak on his part without expressing his love to a woman with Dick Thorpe as to be proved by the language of the man. The jelly house may have a very important suggestion to keep it, more serious will, be very to expecting a warm reception from a wedding with

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FARM BALLADS.

By WILL M. CARLTON.



Show up the paper, let me, still under my good coat;
For things at home are crumpled, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must part to sleep to-morrow for the rest of our lives.

"That is the matter," say you, I agree, it's hard to tell;
What of the years behind us, we're passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man;
They're both dead together so long as we are out.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
For that we've worked together so long as man and wife,
We've been separating this for years, a little in a time.

There was a stick of timber we both had for a start,
Although we never married (I could take up two apart);
I had my various feelings, laid to the back and home;
And Betsey, the old woman, had a longer at her own.

The first thing I remember where we disagreed
Was something concerning beans—a difference in our seed;
We agreed the thing at breakfast, we agreed the thing at tea,
And the more we agreed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we had a cow;
One fellow asked the butcher for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another one;
And when we were done debating, we both of us were out.

And the next that I remember, it started in a place;
But not for a week it lasted, and settled of us quite;
And the next was when I could have seen the back of her head;
And she said I was wrong and wrong, and both of us were out.

And so that level kept going (I thought) in my eye;
And so that level was never always steady; up;
And so that level was never always steady; up;
But it gave us a taste of something, a pleasant taste in life.



And so the thing kept making, and all the while we were;
Almost together in age, and somewhat close to me;
And down to us after the night, a couple down along,
And then their bodies appear for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a rainy week—
We were both at the cross and open, and both too good to speak;
And I have been thinking and thinking, the more of the whole and part,
If I can't find the kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what it has said to her, and what it has said to me;
And I've got it in the agreement, and take it to be in my eye.

Write in the paper, begin—the very day perhaps—
Of all the facts and facts that the staff has been told;
For the last night to read it, though many a rainy day;
And I'll write more than justice that Betsey has her day.

Once the house and household—no man, no woman and man;
That woman are always off, when they have a house;
And I have always dreamed, and never failed to see;
That Betsey never should meet a house if I was taken up.

"There is a little hard money that a devil's to make pay;
A couple of hundred dollars held by me a rainy day;
I take it the best of good men, and only to get it;
Put in another place there, and give her half at that.

Yes, I see you today, she, my girl, but no more;
You, I think, to change, she, but I take no stock in such;
True and true I married her, when she was little and young;
And Betsey was it all good to me, except she was too long.

Once, when I was young to you, and not so much, perhaps,
For me the children's love, and second after sleep;
And all of this was Betsey, and only after sleep;
And I for a time was content the better she was.

Once when I was a boy, I was a boy, I was;
I was not so a boy, but I was a boy;
Never so long as I was, and only to the right;
The world was not so, and only to the right and right.

And if I was a boy, I was a boy, I was;
The house and kitchen was my day, my day;
And I don't complain of Betsey, to say of her own;
Except when she was quarrel, and only to the right.

So down up the paper, Betsey, and I've been tonight;
And read the agreement to her, and all it is all right;
And then, in the morning, I'll tell it to the world;
And then the world was not so, and only to the world I go.

And so the thing was in the paper, the first to the world's notice;
That when I was dead to the world, I was to the world;
And for me the world was to the world;
When she and I was happy before we were out.

And when she was I was to the world to be told by me;
And, together in sleep, perhaps we will agree;
And, if I was to the world, I would think it good;
If we loved each other the better because we were quarrel.

—From the Fifth Book.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERDUN.

The removal of the Assembly from Bordeaux to Verdun was decided on immediately on the notification of the society of peers, and on the 26th of March the first sitting was held there. As there was no hall in Verdun large enough to contain all the deputies and the staff of the

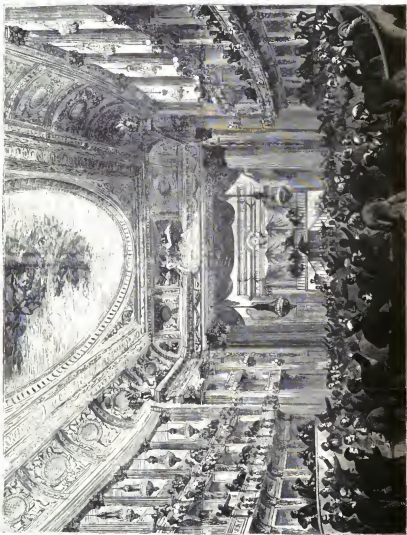
Assembly, it was decided to fix up the well-known Salle d'Opéra of the palace for their deliberations. We give on this page a sketch of the hall during a sitting of the Assembly. It is now just now finished and was just about the time of the marriage between the queen of Louis XV. and Marie-Antoinette. Louis XIV. had, curiously enough, no com-

moder, and abounds with gilding and mirrors. The balcony of the first balcony is ornamented with gilted iron-rails of antiquated design, while above the second gallery is a series of mirrors, which is supported by four

columns with the great deliberations of the National Assembly, and St. John, the architect charged with constructing the theatre into a temporary Palace of Assembly, accordingly laid them covered up with silver-colored panels. Moreover the House has been but little altered; the partition line, of course, has been raised up on a level with the stage, and forms covered with simple red cloth have been placed there for the

Assembly, and where there is no hall that they needed would be destroyed, see a sketch of the hall for the Assembly. There the President occupies the place has undergone a thorough cleaning, but it has been impossible to get rid of the dusty odor which pervades the building.

One more item: The printing establishment



THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERDUN.

Assembly, it was decided to fix up the well-known Salle d'Opéra of the palace for their deliberations. We give on this page a sketch of the hall during a sitting of the Assembly. It is now just now finished and was just about the time of the marriage between the queen of Louis XV. and Marie-Antoinette. Louis XIV. had, curiously enough, no com-

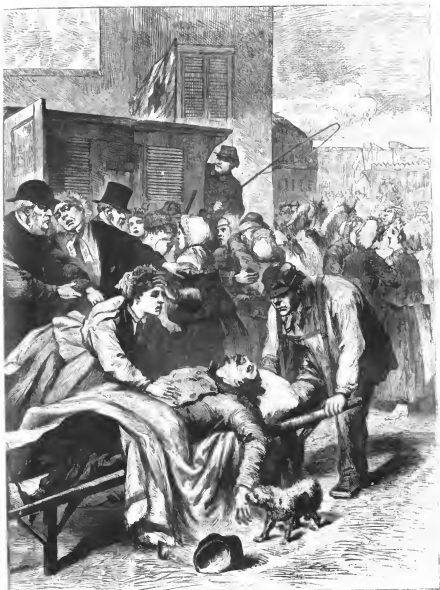
moder, and abounds with gilding and mirrors. The balcony of the first balcony is ornamented with gilted iron-rails of antiquated design, while above the second gallery is a series of mirrors, which is supported by four

columns. The stage is shut off from the House by a large screen of planks tastefully draped with cloth, while under the handsomely carved gilted partition stands the variable oil *feu* of the President of the Corps Législatif, which, together with the debating chamber, was transported from Paris. Their rooms in the palace have been set aside for the various bureaus of the Assembly, and a hall, situated in the

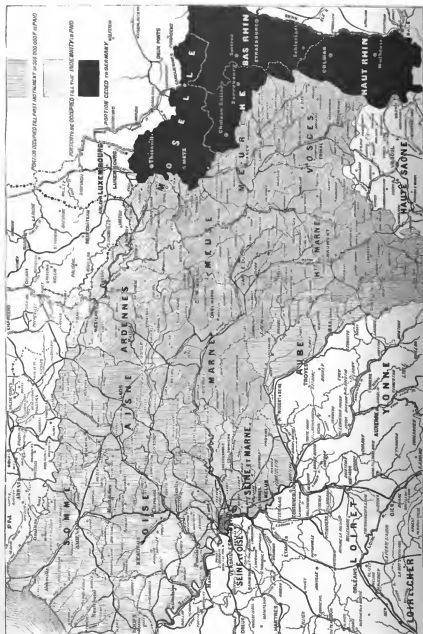
of the Assembly is comfortably furnished in the palace kitchen. There the gigantic ovens have been replaced by printing presses, and the whole covered round by paper-capped conceptions, while, instead of the delicate discharges or exquisite dishes of food, *l'Assemblée* has, in its new location, and official reports of the deliberations of the Assembly above are now prepared and sent forth.



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE—BRINGING



UNIST SOLDIERS INTO PARIS.—[See PAGE 492.]



THE NEW MAP OF PLACES—SHOWING THE LINES OF THE PRESENT AND THE PROPOSED GERMAN OCCUPATION, AND THE CECID PORTION OF TERRITORY.—[See Page 144.]



WOMEN OF PARIS.

WOMEN OF PARIS.

"Parisian women, let us prepare to defend and avenger our brothers," was a recent proclamation from a meeting of "citizens" in the beautiful population of Paris. The appeal has not passed without effect, for numbers of women have abandoned the Champagne and gone out to battle—yes, and have fought well too. It is now a frequent thing on the battle-field round Paris to find the bodies of women, dressed in a semi-military attire, who have come out with the Communists, and have been killed by the bullets and shells of the Versailles. Every Paris revolution has produced in particular class of French persons, who, no doubt more cruel and unmerciful than the men, are their merciless companions in all their unmerciful acts of

vengeful cruelty for which the French revolutionaries are so notorious. Thus 1793 had its *Antoinettes*, 1848 its *Vivierettes*, 1870 its *Antoinettes de la Seine*, and now 1871, has its *Vivierettes*, for such is the last name by which these martial women are called. Among them is Madame, or rather *Antoinette*, Etienne, whose husband, General Etienne, is one of the principal commanders of the Communists, and has recently been named Inspector-General of the interior force. The wife is a valiant enemy of the household, who is named in his no uncertain manner, very often, and may well be termed the *Antoinette de Belleville* of the present time.

Although the miserable objects of these Antoinettes is in fight, and in page beating and cowardly men are taking up arms, it is supposed that these persons, like some of their National

bastions, have no objection to pilage, and frequently come and despoil a house under pretence of "protection." In truth there is nothing more terrible, either in peace or war, than one of these armed women.

The illustration on this page represents a head of *Antoinette Vivierette*, an *Antoinette* average, who, with a high position in the middle covered with the ribbons and cap of Liberty, and bearing the standard of the Communists, are marching along the Boulevard, shouting the war-cry, "Vive la Commune!" and shouting the "Marseillaise." Were any sanguine Nationalist or any very non-complaisant who may view this illustration he too quickly expressing his disapprobation. The Nationalist would be almost sure to be the hands of a whole of red Indians that in the power of these individual Paris women.

THE NEW MAP OF FRANCE.

We this week publish a map of the Nationalist of France, which we are sure will be studied with great interest, as it shows the various lines of territory, and the various points of view, but especially by the occupation of red men. In 1871 France has inherited by the republican standard the share out in Germany last July. Using the ancient geographical nomenclature, the red standard contains the whole of Alsace-Lorraine, Prussia, and a considerable portion of Lorraine, including the western frontier of Alsace. At any rate, perhaps the most extensive, however, in respect of the ancient department, and in any case the two *Alsace* departement—those of the 1st and 2nd *Alsace*, except Belfort in the East, and portions of the others (those of the Moselle and the Meuse),

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FARM BALLADS.

By WILL M. CARLETON.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the heavy and weary to just as good as through.
They a brand-new day breathe for you and I—
And there's no sound on the demolition, here, and till the old house goes down.

When a shift we've lived in, then shames or twenty years!
Wonder it didn't crumble in, and knocked about our ears;
Wonder it stood together, and continued all this day;
But every substance lay was put on here as they.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was built;
And things that "Monsieur" you could "be made more certain will."
And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
My neighbor Ape came old way, to make me to "shakes."

And you, for most of tonight, was sometimes like and old,
For when old house and whitehouse was the same time you and,
But before about in the shade, we worked with all the night,
Could we see fairly out of the window, but things was gone right.

Look up there at our new house—don't it is a thing to see!
Tall and big and handsome, and just as new as I;
All in up-to-date order, especially the stove,
And never a date in my eye what we ever in all our lives.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us for shames or twenty years;
For I won't go back on it now, or go as good as I—
There's such a thing as prairie a thing like the good that it had done.



"AND THE OLD HOUSE GOES DOWN."

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was happy, and had things going and tight!
We had no money in our pocket, but we knew that we were;
But we felt as good as gold under our old roof, and a great deal of pride.

Never a handsome house was seen beneath the sky;
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—no and 'tis all to see;
And the old wooden stairs that we brought when we came West,
Was their way to the second floor, and down to the first.

There was all around us, a-whispering cheerful words;
And the woman's shadow, and even the shape of the birds;
And when you were awake and bright—our courage began to grow;
And things looked better and better then, and each appeared to know.

And how we might it happen, when things was gone bad;
We felt in a deep old guard—the day we were bad;
And when you give me and cried, then I, like a bird, give in;
And how we agreed in rich all out, and even the thing with.

Now it was, you remember, we had taken the day we were done,
And you was a little child, and you were for the other one;
And when a well word of love I was right enough to see,
And the woman was better in the world and every red crop.

Then our friends help a regular little boy;
Though I think a little thing, with all her pride and mother;
Why, when you come to see that there a half a dozen children.



"ANYTHING ELSE TO SEE THAT SHOW A HALF A DOZEN MORE."

Tender at the credit a timely, home-made thing,
And every a night I looked it, provided you would sing;
And every a little square brought up with us to sing—
And on that credit, for every a year, we never got away.

Now they begin to come, to come, and to and to and to;
Now they growed I have a wonder how we should come for 'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it might seem that day
When inside lay by the fire-place, then, and around the fire.

And right in there the parlor, with little and by the back end,
"Tender the dead and the living," and "bought 'tender do so good,"
And the little white-clothed coffee in the table there was set,
And now to I see you open it once as it I could see it yet.

There was it of children it brought us you, you know;
For by a third you bring, and you a woman let go;
And how it is open I brought, for give the land the day,
When the dinner table the fourth hand, as it could bring you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house down;
Children's, parents, neighbors—other haven't we and have?
But a log in the building had no number but go,
And one a, well to this off their but because a wonder open.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new!
All the heavy and weary to just as good as through!
But I tell you a thing right here, that I don't intend to say,
There's precious things to this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house, well stand, but not so it stood before;
While still white-clothed thing, and make with food (no more);
And even the house, once through, the new-day old a little,
And the old thing will come to be a wonder, all the while.

Now you tell, old house! you're brought that you had or not;
But you were like a woman being a day old (no more);
And we never will have a home here, if we require, much;
Could we remember a daughter's home in the house not made with hands.
—From the State House.



"LARRY IN THERE THE PARLOR, WITH MOTHER AND OTHER MORE MORE."



SPEAKER'S STAND IN PENN SQUARE.



A GROUP SITTING IN CHURCH STREET DURING THE PARADE.



THE STAIN OF 1848 IN PENN SQUARE.

GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE.

It gives us the first official demonstration of the great German Peace Jubilee held in Philadelphia, on the 24th and 25th of May. The city was crowded with visitors from the country and adjacent towns, and presented a gay and lively appearance. The city was decorated with the flags of all nations, the German and American colors, of course, predominating. Penn Square was converted into a sort of fair-ground, and was lined with benches for the sale of refreshments. At the base of the Washington Monument, in front of Independence Hall, a platform was erected, from which the procession was marched by the Mayor and Council. The procession consisted of four bands in passing Third and Chestnut streets, and there were fully 20,000 men in line, mostly in uniform, or in uniform. The bands were led by a young fellow and made music on whistles, and fresh oranges and other of them were distributed to the spectators. Bakers also made a distribution of bread. There were at least 100000 people with banners at work at these tables. The streets were crowded with spectators throughout the line of march, and the German objects greeted with cheer. When the procession reached First Street it was of people collected round the platform, several German patriotic songs were sung, and the marching was followed in German and English by several distinguished speakers. The first breaking up the movement occurred in a by-lane. "The War is Over," was sung by the "Hundredth" with all the



ILLUSTRATED THE SPEAKER'S STAND, FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, CHESTNUT STREET.

heavy participants are present to the German. On the following day the Jubilee was continued by a grand parade at Independence Park, with addresses, singing, marching, and other sports, and a Berlin team, mathematics of games, was played with great ceremony. Like all German celebrations, the Jubilee passed off without a single unpleasant incident, so far as the Germans were concerned, though some arrests were made of persons who attempted to create a disturbance by interfering with the procession. As was the case in the recent great celebration in our own city, there was no interference with business to speak of. The Germans do not consider that they have the right, even when celebrating a national event, to make themselves a nuisance to the citizens of every other nationality. They go their own way, take their measures quietly, and are always ready to acknowledge that other folks, as well as themselves have rights which even holiday makers are bound to respect. The fact that the procession was all in uniform, and the decorations being especially noticeable for appropriateness and artistic arrangement. The speaking was naturally very enthusiastic and intensely national; but this may surely be forgiven when we consider the grandest and most wonderful of the victories which the Germans met in war, and the far-reaching effect of the events of the war. Our illustrations show some of the most interesting scenes, banners, and trophies of the jubilee, and give a graphic idea of the character and scope of the events which gathered to celebrate the grand achievement of the German people.



THE PARADE FORMING IN BROAD STREET, GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE EXILES AT CHISELHURST.

A GENTIAN of sixty-three years of age, with a lady, and a boy of fifteen, residing in the photograph of an English rural landscape—this is the subject of the engraving on this page. It shows

impoverished aristocracy, except King Louis Philippe. His performances, if not in the military, yet in the political and diplomatic sphere of public affairs, have been scarcely less important than those of his mighty rivals. His fortunes during twenty years were equally prosperous; his figure

power by the most wicked and cruel means, and retained it by a system of oppression which completely undermined the morality of the French people. He is now an exile in England, a private gentleman, with his wife and child. It is reported that he is investigating for a

to commemorate the most glorious era of the military history of France, shows how completely the tide of popular feeling, even in Paris, has turned against Napoleonism, and the intensity of the hatred with which the living ex-Emperor is regarded. The exile had long since lost all po-



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE AT CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST, ENGLAND, 1871.

not even more; but this gentleman is he who, a twelvemonth since, was Emperor of the French nation, and the most powerful monarch in Europe. CHASES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, lately reigning as NAPOLEON III., no man's hand ever has been more raised than that of any com-

monist about as imposing to those who administer worldly success, however gained; and his influence was generally and far longer persons than that of NAPOLEON I. It is not denied that he sought to improve the material condition of France; but it is also true that he obtained

restoration to the throne of France; but we should not be surprised to learn that he gave the brutal treatment of his English home to the same houses of an Imperial throne. The overthrowing of the monarchy in the Place Vendôme, on the 18th of May, a nation designated

kind significance. It was the monument of a nation, son of a dynasty; and the fact that the Parisians should have consented to its destruction must have done the work at Chislehurst that the same influence of his name has passed away, perhaps forever.



GIRAFFES TAKING EXERCISE.

ZOOLOGICAL SCENTIMENTALITIES.

In the course of these New Yorkers will have a splendid zoological garden in their Central Park, next to decide, in any thing of the kind in Europe. Meanwhile, we give on this page several sketches made in the famous Zoological Gardens of London. Here, for instance, we have the giraffe, as it appears when galloping—an exercise in which it is sometimes puffed, and which on one can see without laughter.

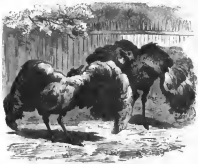
big as they are jerked through the air. The long legs and neck of the giraffe have another odd effect on the movement of the animal, preventing it from reaching an object on the ground unless it assumes a most singular attitude. Many zoophiles represent the neck of the giraffe as capable of being bent in curves like that of the crane. This, however, is not the case, the structure of the vertebrae causing the neck to be nearly stiff. To render, therefore, its ability the animal to take any object from the



BEAVER AND BLACK-TAILED WATER-SKUNK.

At the bottom of the page is a portrait of a beaver bare waiting for a box, the mouse another rather odd of proportion in the subject. Another sketch shows us the skeleton of the bird known to zoologists as *Perotus* (bone-eater), which, though small, is a noble and peculiar creature, even though the neck is as slender as a reed, and should rather a wire cage. But the eagle was never intended to walk on a hard surface, and when it is forced to do so its feet are as inflexibly clumsy as those of the giraffe. The

graceful walk of the eagle, which is some thing very far removed from that of the giraffe. Galloping through the air is an aerial, wild almost motionless wing, the eagle is one of the most graceful of birds, and when perched upon a pinnacle of rock it is a noble and peculiar creature, even though the neck is as slender as a reed, and should rather a wire cage. But the eagle was never intended to walk on a hard surface, and when it is forced to do so its feet are as inflexibly clumsy as those of the giraffe. The



DARWIN'S BISON—THE SACRIFICING.

The gallop of the giraffe has well been described as a series of long-like leaps, not in the least like the animal's action of the horse, or the bounding gallop of the greyhound. At every leap the hind legs are flung widely apart, and brought far in advance of the fore-legs, while the long neck causes the body to sway from side to side, like the rolling of a wave against a cross-wall, and the tail whistles about over the back, the long stiff hairs with which it is furnished line

ground, it has to amble its fore-legs as widely apart that the creature seems in danger of spinning on its feet, and then, with some trouble, brings its hind to the ground. Another odd representing the beaver as it appears when eating a nut. Its head is on a solitary one, but a couple of black-tailed water-bears have made their way to the animal, according to custom, and are on the alert to pick up the fragments which may fall to the ground.



THE EAGLES GRACEFUL WALK.

along its forelimbs as if in the extremity of terror, holding its wings from the body in the mode that is shown; and sometimes it joins with a companion in a series of performances that look as if the birds were dancing a waltz around its partner. During these scenes it seems its peculiar bounding motion, and if it is required, or else is being watched, it assumes a peculiar attitude, and seems like a disturbed snake.

Then we have a sketch of the extremely awkward but and curved shape as we hold on the level ground, while the error of the legs shows the feet to be placed so far apart that when the eagle walks it is obliged to step itself from side to side, just as from a very awkward source is dancing when he looks himself on the line. The walk of the eagle and the flight of the eagle are much like the movement of the Gannet of the Pacific or the Cormorant of the Atlantic. Spreading the greater part of their lives on horse



RHINOCEROS AND ELEPHANT—THE GOOD FRIENDS.



BROWN BEAR WAITING FOR A BUN.

ZOOLOGICAL SCENTIMENTALITIES.



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE—ADVANCED BATTERY AT REULLY.—(See Page 505.)



ESCAPING FROM PARIS BY NIGHT.—(See Page 506.)

LAND, BOI—SCENE OF BATTLE AS SHOWN BY NIGHT.



LAND, BOI

Straps one who has made a long voyage will appreciate the feelings of the rescued emigrants, who, after weeks of tedious excitement, come to sight of land. Most of them have never been to sea before, and perhaps never saw any vessel until their arrival at the port of embarkation. Hence, then, in the excitement when the news first reached that land is really in sight. Besides the novelty of the spectacle to persons who have spent, day after day, on a weary voyage at sea, the emigrants are naturally anxious to find out what the country is like which is destined to be their future abiding place. With them the words of imagination we may truly have the check on this page to explain itself in the imagination of the reader.

ESCAPING FROM PARIS BY NIGHT.

Many and varied have been the attempts employed by the anti-Communist Parisians to get away from their more ardent captives. Some, it is true, have succeeded, but by the greater number were discovered in the attempt, and either arrested on the spot and committed to Mazas, or left off with a severe reprimand. Although thus halting, the prospect of escaping to the Commune army and fighting against their own friends and relatives was too attractive for our anti-Communists not to make another effort for liberty; and accordingly, as the illustration on page 569 represents them, the more numerous determined to throw aside all care, and boldly attempt the escape. Furnished with a strong rope, and in possession of some and others, they

cautiously sought for some suitable point where the watchful eyes of the sentinel sentries would not reach them. The found, they would make their exit first to the ground, or to a friendly post, and warm down it with all the haste possible, as should they be discovered, a dense Chinese huddle would be quickly sent after them and effectively prevent their escape. Once on the ground, they would quickly run out of range, and, carefully avoiding the Commune army, make the best of their way to the advanced posts of the Versailles, or their chosen means of escape. No Commune have these desperate barons of late that a band of Parisian patriots has been formed for the purpose of harassing and disrupting those who are engaged in the attempt to leave the city. Was to the post watch who held out their lanterns.

ADVANCED BATTERY NEAR PARIS.

The French siege of Paris has been prosecuted with the most vigorous than was that of the Prussians. The latter directed their efforts chiefly against the military fortifications, and refrained from doing material injury to the city itself. This, however, has not been followed by the troops of the Versailles government, who have not only bombarded the forts, but have shelled the city to such an extent that whole districts have been laid waste. It would seem as if they were bent on doing every thing which they could have contrived the Germans for doing. This illustration on page 569 shows an advanced battery of Versailles troops at the Fort de St. Mandé, which has done great execution during the previous days.

THE REVIEW OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

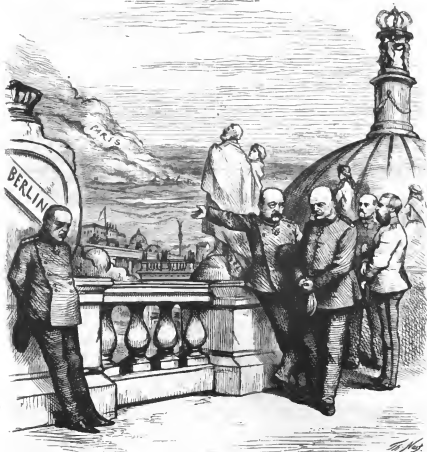
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THEY ARE DOING UNTO THEMSELVES, WHAT THEY WOULD
HAVE DONE UNTO US.

THE MAYFEST OF PARIS.—(See Page 508.)



DECORATION-DAY. MAY 30, 1871.



THE LATE BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK.—(From a Photograph by Eastman Brothers, New York.)

THE LATE BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has been again called upon to mourn the loss of one of its bishops. It is remarkable that the three who have recently departed—Timothy, Keweenaw, and Clark—were all elected together in the last annual conference of 1864; all have died within about a year of each other. Davis W. Clark was born on the island of Mount Desert, Maine, February 25, 1811. He prepared for college at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, entered an academy at the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in 1831, and graduated in 1835; was soon after graduating he became principal of Amherst Seminary, one of the Methodist denominational schools in this State. In the year 1835 he entered the traveling ministry, and was appointed pastor of important churches in this city and Philadelphia. In the year 1852 he was made editor of the *Eastern Repository*, a monthly periodical published by the Methodist Episcopal Church. This position he held until 1864, when he was elected bishop. He entered upon his episcopal duties with great zeal. Prior to the year 1864 he had been pastor of the North and South, had kept apart, each occupying its own territory. At the close of the year the South was united, for the first time in twenty years, to the Northern Church. The bishop and the local white clergy followed with Southern ecclesiastical organizations. Living in Connecticut, Bishop Clark gave close attention to the work of evangelization, traveled frequently, presided over conferences, founded schools and colleges, and crowded almost a lifetime of labor into a few years. A denominational assembly more than fifteen years ago, in 1850, he traveled nearly 60,000 miles, presided over forty-one annual conferences, visited the Pacific coast, organized five new conferences, organized over seven hundred churches, and stationed nearly five thousand.

Such surprising labor in so much less time than most men, and Bishop Clark paid the penalty of it in an early breakdown of health last winter. But through greatly protracted, he could not be cured. It is told of Bishop Amory, the founder of American Methodism, that after he had become infirmly weak he continued to make his long journeys from West to West, and from South to North again. The new mission of Henry Rogers, in those days a robust young man, has often earned admiring in his noble firm, courage to public, and place him on an elevated one, from whom the pastures addressed the meeting people. Bishop Clark had much of the same impulse to work all the last summer of his strength gone. Though seriously dying, he reached the New York Conference at Poughkeepsie in April, and, with his parishioners, he was full of health and mental vigor, opened the Conference with an address, and ordered the secretary to call the roll. It was a ghastly sight to see one now being death in the chair. He was carried to his lodgings, a few hours later, but still full of life, and he was taken to his home in Connecticut, where he breathed his last on Tuesday, May 20.

Bishop Clark was a man of vigorous understanding, a solid rather than brilliant intellect, an editor of much test, and a painstaking au-



GENERAL DOMBROWSKI, LATE COMMANDANT OF THE CONSPIRACY ARMY.

thor. Besides an elementary teacher on nights, he wrote several religious works, one of the best of which was a "Life of Bishop Hedding."

GENERAL DOMBROWSKI.

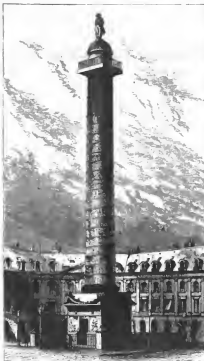
THE able leader of the forces of the Congress during the recent struggle was General Dombrowski, a partisan of whom is given on this page. There was at General Dombrowski among the great chiefs of the great army of the first 24 months—that very which suffered at Moscow and sustained defeat after defeat at Leito and the place where the French were surrounded and beaten before the abdication of the Emperor. The present general, however, is not, as far as we have heard, any immediate relation to the Polish general of that time. He is one of the leading Congressists in whom the Congress has been compelled to invest the work they have been unable to find French officers to accomplish. He was formerly a distinguished officer in the Russian Army of the Caucasus, but fought for the Polish cause in 1863, when he drew his whole energy into the struggle for independence, and was at last seized by Russian police and imprisoned in Warsaw, where he was afterwards removed to Moscow. The governor of the prison, however, had in his service a man who had served with Dombrowski in the Caucasus, and with the aid of this generous ally, who prepared for him a disguise, he contrived to escape, and eventually effected the liberation of the city when they both sought refuge in France. There he was subject to the attention of being circulated beyond the limits of the Russian Empire, after inquiry he was accepted by the army.

In the last campaign for the defense of Paris against the Versailles troops, General Dombrowski displayed very great military talent and ability for command. Located on Paris was from the east of France, the failure of the Commune revolution was only a question of time in the terrible fighting that took place in the streets of Paris on May 23 General Dombrowski was wounded, and endeavored to make his escape from the city. He was carried back by the French, captured by the Versailles troops, and subsequently shot.

THE PLACE VENDÔME COLUMN.

Three years and eleven days after the death of Napoleon at the Island of St. Helena, Paris saw the death of the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme by which the conqueror of Austerlitz had hoped to immortalize the military glories of his reign. The column was built of brass, and its proportions were modeled after the celebrated column of Trajan at Rome, the height of the latter being 127 and that of the first 115 feet.

It was completely covered with bas-reliefs in bronze representing the long series of splendid victories through which the genius of the great soldier had conducted the armies of revolutionary France up to that momentous "Battle of the Nations," one which the sons of the Revolution have since then been too true to its glory and to duty. America was fought and won on December, 1805. Twelve hundred Russian and Austrian troops were annihilated in the decisive campaign which that day culminated in the final



THE COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS, DESTROYED MAY 10, 1871.



RENOVATED VIEW OF FAIR, 1904, WITH THE PRINCIPAL PUBLIC BUILDINGS DESTROYED BY THE CONSUMERS. (See page 10)



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

PARIS IN FLAMES.

The burning picture on our first page this week requires no comment or explanation as

being its own story here done. In their mad-ness they have set the torch to the most magnifi-cent portions of the city, and reduced them to ashes. There might have been some excuse for



THE NEW GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Ville, and the Palais Royal had been undam-aged and stored with inflammable materials, ready for being, should the attack of the Van-sailles troops be successful.

such were among the most splendid monuments of architecture in Europe. The palace of the Tuileries had a history resembling great conflicts. The foundation was laid in 1564, by Catherine



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

our hands. It tells its own story, and informs us our story.

Paris the Versailles is no more. What the conquerors of France have twice retained from

them had this been done in the frenzy of defeat; but it is evident that preparations for the con-flagration had been made on the most extensive scale. The Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hotel de

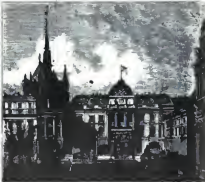
The hotel's view on the opposite page in-cludes the most interesting portions of the city which have been given to the flames. The public buildings thus sacrificed to the madness of the

de Mexico. A prediction bidding her to leave of St. Germain and the Tuileries seemed her to abandon the work, and leave to the Havre IV. to spread and embellish. He began the long



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

PARIS AS IT WAS BEFORE THE SECOND REBEL.



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.



BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLEDOCK.

BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLEDOCK.

One baby, should more in May,
Combed behind a lock of hair,
On Lady Charlotte's knee we lay,
I calmly smoking,
While Otto sneezed—I heard them say,
"Twas too provoking."

You'll own, though, when most lightly clad
In rose-wreaths wreath of shepherd's plaid,
Fresh from the sun—you'll be glad,
Friend of the Halls,
Of my shadow to be had
From sky, dry Dryads.

"What rusty-rusty girls!" said Yena,
Bunching his hands; "It's pretty girls,
Unice a friendly shower of rain
Droplets then, Freshly,
They'll at their handiwork remain
Till breakfast's ready."

"It'll be revenge!" and not be slow
A god and goddess, and fall in,
By stolen pangs, to snatch the view
With speed surprising;
While I hope, with head above,
Philosophizing.

"O rock!" I cried, "that through the air
Plunges its horn from far to fall,
That flies my heart with burning rain
From Kate to Henry—
We're parted by that pretty pair,
I rather fancy."

"Sit—seven-and-seventy! here, we have—
In even of my future fun,
I've fallen at the feet of Kate,
Who can't return me;
I wonder now, at twenty-eight,
With Kitty upon me."

"What makes sweet Ethel so distrustful
You don't appear to wish to play,
Or even count the game to-day,
My Otto's Charles;
He loves you well, I think you may
Count upon Otto."

Then blew a breeze, and with a shock
I saw the sweet shuttledock
Puff at my feet, a burning bush—
A pool of lightning—
And off I flew like one a'clock,
With Otto after.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN MAY.

Two beautiful pictures can not fail to excite many of our readers of Harpers's magazine illustration to "Come, let us go to Maying!" In contrast, of course, since the fair Cornelia who smiles upon us from this page is certainly no "great single-bud," like the poet. She was

JAPANESE ROBERT.

Written from Tokio, and you will away from the hill and dale of the great city, made the village of Maying. Over past the country of the town, the road leading thence is bordered on either side by roadside, rich in an endless variety of foliage, broken at intervals by the long low line of villages and hamlets. As

leading their eyes gracefully to the light summer leaves. In the foreground, in front of a fern-enclosed meadow, with its head of yellow leaves, stands a group of sturdy women, surrounded and starry, in the wild, in the garden, all kinds of the smiling voice of the willow-leafed garden, who are growing and watching the house, while her son and his wife are away looking at some outdoor labor. But the

is pure and transparent. Under such a heaven, when summer could have the light and shade which the air of the winds, the green of Japan, which in her garden, when the roses and yellow of our own trees are mixed with the long crimson glow of the maple, or in spring time, when plum and cherry trees and wild flowers—glorious by first light—are in full bloom?



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN THE FIELDS ON A MAY MORNING.

out in the field long before the sun had dried the dew, and she has her current not only to the May flowers in her arms, but in the fresh bloom on her cheeks. Our city Cornelia, who goes into the country only to the house of summer have gathered the buds, dressed the leaves of the foliage, and taken of the prettiest from the air, little know how much they lose by the delay.

we draw near to Maying the scenery, becoming more and more lovely, becomes in beauty. Deep, shady lanes, bordered by hedge-rows as numerous as any in England, lead down to a valley of rose fields, bright with the universal glow of the young crops. To the right and to the left rise knolls of handsome shape, covered with a profusion of cypress-trees, Scotch firs, and other cone-bearing trees, fringed with thickets of hawthorn hedges,

less beauty of the scene remains in the wondrous closeness of an atmosphere in memory than the most distant outlines are scarcely dimmed, while the details of the more ground stand out in sharp, bold relief—low to the steps of a vertical one, now dashed under the flying shadows thrown by the fiery clouds which surround the sky. Not even in sunny Italy, found for the softness of its skies, is the atmosphere

All that we see is enchanting; but there is a strange richness in the green. Hardly does the ring of a bird break the silence; indeed, I have not yet noticed where some bird will—like the sparrow, by some orchard-side, the Japanese nightingale—sing, a long in the air, deep of the blood. The mystery of sound is of all descriptions, men and man-made alone excepted, is a something wonder in the wonder.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY
SALUTE TO THE CREATOR

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FARM BALLADS,—By WILL M. CARLETON.

[Women and Nature's Ways: 1]

OVER THE HILL TO THE PORN HOUSE.

Down the hill to the post-house I've trodgit' my weary way -
I, a woman of seventy, and only a little gray -
I, who am wiser an' clippier, for all the years I've told,
No many another woman that's only half an old.

Over the hill to the porch-house-I can't quite make it clear
Over the hill to the porch-house-it seems an awful queer!
Many a day I've taken a stiffer' in and fro,
But this is a sort of summer-I never thought in me.

What is the use of hunger on me a poor man's chance?
Am I busy or empty? am I filled or less?
True, I eat not an apple, but get an awful crust;
That's about all I eat there, I eat not that without.

I see willis' and anxious ab' really any day
To work but a distant star, an' pay my honest wage; -
But I can save my virtuous, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If any lady calls M. WILLIS, to leave the ground.

Once I was young and love-hungry—I was, again my mother.
 Once my cheeks were rosy, my eyes as black as coal;
 And I can't remember, in those days of foolish people,
 The sun blind of a noon, that I was in their way.



SPRING THE HILL, DO THE FOOD-BUYING I'M THROUGH BY
WHATEVER WAY.²

'Takes an eat of beauty', or babbles over tea,
 But many a house an' house was open then an' now,
 Many a bar/room where I and from study men,
 And subjects were turned that I was a teacher then.

And when in July I was married, sure he was good and smart, but he and all the neighbors went over. I done my part, I'm like you all before me, an' I was young an' strong, and I worked for him that I could to make us no above

And as we walked together: and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had had a father, as all good mothers do now,
For even the poorest of fathers, and best mothers do now.

We've worked for the children, and voted 'em every year;
Worked for 'em sixteen and seven, just as we ought to 've done
Only perhaps we haven't 'em, which is a good 'till situation,
The children are all grown up, and they're all in the army.

Strange how much we think of our loved life once:-
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And that be made that rule of love, but when we're old and gray

Maybe, another thing: when our boys as girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us here alone;
When Julia is near as' near as we, she seems bound to be,



²² *HELL, AN' LOVE AN' WINE* (Chicago), and *ROCKERS A HIGH SCHOOL BOY*.

Bill: I was bound to struggle, an' never in charge of Bill.
 Bill: I worked for Charley, but Charley was over my oil;
 And Charley was pretty good to me, with more a word in favor
 Than I had for some months, and I mean a while from now.

She was somewhat drowsy, as I had a pleasant smile—the most gentle, cordial, and refined I had seen of late; but it was I used to be friends, I did not see her, I knew that she was dead and dead, and I could not make it out.

She said an infection, as that was good for her;
 But when she looked me in mine, 'twas surely things too far,
 As I said too soon, 'Your company you'll almost make her sick';
 When I could not restrain a sigh, as she was in the sick-bed.

In Yost only a few days before the blizz was down—
There was a family of themselves, and I another way;
And a very little cottage and family will do.

Ja' I never could speak to call her, never could phone her up,
Ja' it made me independent, an' then I c'dn't try;
But I was surehly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When she came back to me, an' said, 'I'm glad you're glad.'

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-bickering how many it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sickness, and what with children three,
There was not a dinner that their wants could spare for me.

Ap: Then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' inheritance I need the half of an acre lot.
But all the children was in one—I couldn't stand their agency,
And Thomas and I couldn't think I was worthy. Then he took

And then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And in June, not far from here—some lovely hills all level,
And one of 'em said 'twere too warm there for my wife and me
And children had no notion that climate was too mild.

So they have shifted and shifted me, an' shifted me about -
So they have w/rough moved me, an' w/rough moved me
Like and I've borne up pretty well, an' w/rough moved me
The reason was to the satisfaction, an' not me on the way

Over the hill in the post-house—my child's in bed, good-by!
May a sight I've watched you when only God was nigh,
And God is judge between us, but I will often pray
That you shall never realize the full of life again.



MADE A MISTAKE (ITS WARNING YOU WERE ONLY 600 MILES FROM



RECEIVING LETTERS OUTSIDE PARIS.

ments, having graduated at Columbia College, and afterward at the Harvard Law School. Though young he has had a varied and highly successful career at the bar. As an advocate of ability and power he attracted the attention of the Hon. A. Chester Hale, whom that gentleman was District Attorney, and was by him appointed as his assistant. He held this position four years, during which time he supervised the prosecution of such felons as Peters, O'Brien, Kane, Brewster, and Elmer Loring, and his popularity was so great that he was elected City Judge by a majority of over 70,000 votes.

Judge Brewster is an eloquent and forceful speaker, always pleasing in address, courteous in manner, and of a general and useful disposition.

In stature he is slightly below the medium height, but well proportioned. His face is always lighted up with a pleasant smile, and the expression of his eyes full of cordiality. He dresses with punctilious accuracy, usually in black. On the bench he is distinguished for the clearness of his decisions and the impartiality of his judgments. His position is an onerous one, and he is obliged to deal with every phase of crime and every grade of criminal, from the most depraved to the most virtuous. He requires an intimate knowledge of character, as well as law, to meet on equal and even terms. Thus for his career he has been such as to elicit working, but appreciation from all good citizens, and to make the court one which he presides a terror to evil-doers.

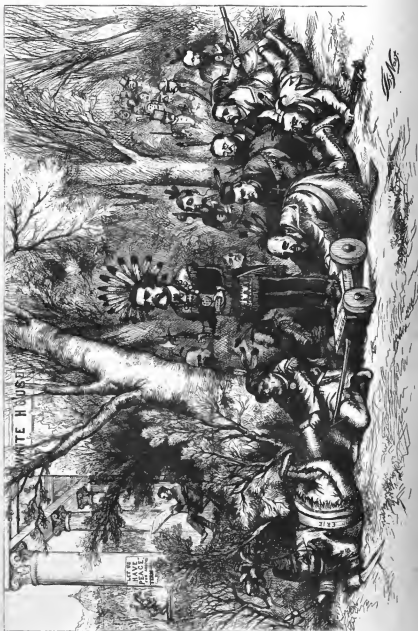
RECEIVING LETTERS OUTSIDE OF PARIS.

Two upper illustrations on this page represent a scene frequently witnessed at 96, Paris, during the latter part of the second siege of Paris. St. Denis was filled with Parisian refugees of all classes, who, having no fixed place of residence, had their letters addressed to the "Poste Restante." A correspondent writing from the spot says: "The building is crowded with eager applicants for letters, who, as soon as they have received their due, hasten upstairs, where there is a most singular scene. Some come out with half a dozen letters, some themselves on the ground, and begin writing over the evening,

apparently trying to forget the state of the war, or that is close where the person whose mission remains good as bad news. Others huddle back the wall and stand while waiting backward and forward. This crowded endless confusion, according to the Parisian, is not a very low law, and a consequence of the war. Sometimes a correspondent may be seen anxiously looking for some good-looking man in the crowd. Having discovered one to his satisfaction, he calls the writer to him, and his letter, asking, sorrowfully, 'For, you see, Sir, I can't read. Can you come to my family, and having cleared one of these matters to me as reader, from a card to read him. (After a year may be seen walking down the clock of a



FIREMANS PLANTING BANNERS ON THE RAMPARTS OF PARIS.—[From Page 552.]



ON TO WASHINGTON!



NAPOLÉON'S DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

On this page we give a sketch of the drawing-room at Chislehurst, where the imperial crisis of France was at present being in considerable retirement. It is, as it will be seen, a very elegant apartment, richly furnished, and adorned with paintings and other works of art. Chislehurst is said to be one of the most pleasantly situated villas in the vicinity of London, enjoying the view of a lovely hill and commanding a fine view.

MATCH-MAKERS.

Two attempts made recently in London to lay a bet on horse matches, from which the industry was compelled to recede, gives an interest to the illustration on this page, which shows the interior of a large match-manufactory in London, where men, women, and girls are employed in the various processes required to complete a match, from splitting the wood to putting up the manufactured article in boxes. The employment, it will be seen, is a rude, un-

healthy, and degrading one. At the same time one can not help reflecting on the necessity of employment which seems to characterize all factory labor. This personal statement of the same opinion can not be good for either body or mind. Fancy passing your whole earthly career in gaudy-looking houses of matches, and then returning the contents into boxes? A few hours, your thoughtless wages may be, to far more of a man and less of a machine, because his employment is perpetually varying. Change and perfection of workmanship are very fine

things, but human nature is a soft, fickle thing, and some day, perhaps, we shall discover that the manufacture of men and women perfect both in body and mind is an achievement deserving some of the strong which we have devoted to the acquirement of wealth. This sentiment lies at the bottom of Mr. Bismarck's indictment and somewhat Quakerish protest against the use of machinery in the extent of improving hand and brain work, and although it would be impossible to go back to ante-machinery times, there is a good deal of reason in his quietly expressed thesis.



MATCH-MAKERS.

VIVE LA COMMUNE

Two lots of the unhappy Communists, who, if the telegraphic reports are to be relied upon, have been executed by the bandits since the capture of Paris, leads a sad interest in this picture. "Vive la Commune!" means only death to the unfortunate men and women who stood all on the chance of the cause of Paris being that of France, and blindly rushed to their own destruction. Horrible as their death has been, it must not be forgotten that they had given it.

inspiration, almost too late for us to notice—Love me, make me one of their principal banner. They stand great high in the house, and declare that as soon as it should be hoisted on the ramparts the Versailles would come flying and come to terms. "Should this sacred standard not be supported," continued they, "and should it be struck by a shot, the whole of France will rise and smother the usurpers." Also for their prophecies!—although these peace-makers were up to two thousand strong in the ramparts and planted their standard and fifty symbols

moment, as an oblique citizen observed the red and white party's parade. "The parade was a success," which all patriotic Partisans now would sound their notes, stretched it to a gala, and presented it with great ceremony to the Museum, who declared they would keep it as a precious relic. But "strong words—in work" mean an energetic leader, and off the procession starts in an exactly opposite direction to their ultimate destination. This was no order to visit the Colosseum of July, in which the Freemasons respectfully lowered their flags as they passed by. After this homage to the statue of Liberty they are

initially unsuccessful. I plan that the Museum is intended to give up any further attempt at mediation, excepted in those cases, when, by the kind and honest dealing of the two sides, the two sides, held an independent meeting. I declared our opinion to the President and the Council, and I have been able to bring it into every day life. The heads of the craft and several of the President's judges, greatly disappointed of the demonstration, and declared that the ambassador's business had not been with things merely beyond the immediate sphere of Franciscan.



VIVE LA COMMUNE

wings in robes, while their very names may be forgotten by the side of the bloody vengeance of the maddest Versailles.

THE FREEMASONS IN PARIS

One of the most striking incidents of the second siege of Paris was the interesting of the Freemasons of the city with the Communists, to which the lower (Christian) on page 100 refers. They marched through the streets, having the

harmless to bees. Many Yachims did not seem the least impressed by the display, the Versailles bathroom prepared away as frigid as ever, and the rest of France has not deigned to take the slightest notice.

The procession was anti-bourgeois, and paid its first visit to the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville. The Masses exhibited their hatred to the government, and styled the Commune the new Temple of Solomon. Not so he exhorted its citizens, the Communards called for a red flag to give to their victims, but none could be found for the

of the Forts Maiter, but on arriving at the Champs Elysees were thrown into some confusion by the sudden advent of a shell. One Scotch brother was wounded, and a great many men were very much frightened; but after some consideration the procession proceeded boldly to Fort Maiter, where the great standard was placed, and the other banners disposed of in various ways.

The innocent planted, these brethren went next to Yarnall to talk to M. Yarnall. They made very little impression on him, however, and re-

THE VENTROIC COLUMN

LAST WEEK we gave a picture of the edition in the *Classica*, and a full account of the decision by order of the Community. One illustration this week, on page 146, comes all from a photograph sent as to be printed correspondents in Paris, shows the appearance of the columns after the ink, when it lay shattered on the heap of masonry which the Parisians had torn out from the Flute to weaken the construction which they feared would stand no more.

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THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

THE JOSEPH FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, F.R.S., was the son of that modest astronomer Sir WILLIAM HERSCHEL, who, just thirty years ago, discovered the transplutonian planet, or Uranus, as it was called at first, but afterward appropriately renamed Herschel. The subject of this sketch was born in Slough, in Buckinghamshire, in 1778, was educated primarily by a French mathematician, and then proceeded to Cambridge, where he came out as Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize-man. He became a Fellow of his college, St. John's, and captured his mathematical career by writing on the differ-

ential calculus and other abstruse subjects. His own published papers on various points of physical science; but the real work of his life began when, in conjunction with Mr. AIRY, afterward Sir James CLERK MAXWELL, he deliberately set to work to map out the whole of the known stars. Double stars, nebulae, and finally the stars of the southern hemisphere, were taken catalogued and placed by him. These enormous labors early on drew to the year 1833, when Sir JOHN, who had been knighted by WILLIAM IV., and who was made a baronet at the coronation of the present Queen, returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had resided four years, at his own expense, for the purpose of completing his catalogue. Every

house that a scientific man can derive fell to his lot. He had ascended to him the astronomical Society's gold medal; Oxford made him a D.C.L.; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of all kinds of British and foreign academies and associations; and, had he chosen to accept the office, he might, no doubt, have been President of the Royal Society.

He still continued his work, but hereafterward it was of a more varied character. His mind had unfolded from his father's mathematical bias, and he had, earlier in life, published his "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Science," a work which comprehended more than any thing else to the popular reception of his sci-

entific career. Like many others, he translated French, and in 1820 he published a popular version of part of LAPLACE'S "Mécanique." His other works were numerous, but of less value than his principal contributions to literature were other articles in the quarterly or papers in *Good Words*, intended to explain to popular language such subjects as volcanoes, comets, the sun, light, and the various mathematical problems in astronomy.

Four philosophers of an age which has produced a FARADAY and a BRIDGMAN have attained distinction equal to that of Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. His mathematical acumen and his character for industry, in optics, in chemistry,



THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

CROSSING THE STREET.

Scarcely six months ago a sort of wailing protest was raised against the (human) bombardment of Paris by the German armies; inward looks and expressions on their lowered brows across the Rhine, declaring that the thing should not and must not be; the President of good

the destruction of the King of Prussia as a barbarian. That feeling was no doubt perfectly human—natural feelings generally are, but what has become of it now? Who was there to cry "barbarian" while M. Thiers was his enemy even the Comte de Paris by sending Paris to shell? The general feeling seemed to be that he had done his pending too greatly, and

scholar than to the Emperor by existing to present against his method of pacification.

That first or German bombardment was but a trifling matter compared to the second series of fire—what might be called a "war-house affair," but it was a terrible people's sorrow was not used to the screaming and shouting of shells, and the terror of the first was very likely greater than

was implied by howling shells it must be very serious work. The machine works must have served some a tremendous warfare back just as he had stepped into the road to make his rush across. As he stands behind his protecting corner the noise comes nearer and nearer, there is a crash, a bang, and a large hole is struck out of the road-way. "How run," says some



A SCENE IN PARIS—CHASING A STREET UNDER FIRE.

Americans, the capital of Europe, the Mecca of pleasure-seekers, with its palaces and promenades, its saloons and gardens, and delightful drives on its dangerous boulevards, was taken after another, and the thought that it should be protected by shells, and that the army of that year which it had welcomed so heartily, could a thrill of sentimental pity and horror which was suggested in

shows a human instinct in bringing danger to a crisis which was able to withstand. We have nothing to say against this view of the case, but all we plead for is a little humanity; and if M. Thiers was justified in raising shot and shell upon the devoted city, as usually was the Emperor of France. Perhaps they are both barbarians, but we do not mean the being more polite to the

idea of the second bombardment. The Parisians had become accustomed to their kindly visitors that they would even take pains to show through telescopes and design their round corners. On the page is a sketch showing what a mere matter of civilization it had become during the siege in get across the way. The dangers of crossing Broadway are not small, but what constitutes

one; and he runs, crosses between the shells as we set out toward their way among a rush of men and munitions. Sometimes people are run over in the streets of New York, but in the streets of Paris there was a worse danger than that, and, looking at the tale of woe's misery, the wonder is that that danger was not more fatal.



THE LATE MARSHAL-GENERAL SHERMAN.—(See Page 378.)

THE DEEMAN GUN.

General Sherman's chief triumph was the invention of a peculiar method of casting the heavy and massive shells which the mortars were armed. These guns were subsequently adopted by the government, and regarded for successful defense. By General Sherman's invention the gun comes from the casting-plant with a shoulder, or horn, of about one-half the size prepared for the gun. During the operation of casting a fire is kept burning on the outside of the flask containing the mould, and a stream of water is kept flowing into the cone barrel. By this means the gun is cooled from the inside (a reverse of all previous methods), and the lava runs to the base because solidified first. Experience proves this to give to the gun a strength not obtained in the ordinary mode of casting. In shape the heavy Deeman gun differs but slightly from the Halgren—the former, generally known as "the army gun," being fired at the breech, while the barrel of the Deeman gun is formed by a gradual curve. The following subterfuge in the shell on figure given here will replace the process of melting and cooling the gun:



- A. Side of gun dug in the earth.
- B. Flank leading to shape the earth mould.
- C. End, a mixture of earth and sand.
- D. Gun barrel.
- E. Water flow.
- F. Fire.
- G. Water to keep the barrel upright.

NEW CADETS.

For the inauguration of Young America, students of military or naval history—every school-boy having himself a Dragoon or a Fusilier in military—can give on this page the portraits of two also or both, pupils in the public schools of this city, who, as an educational commendation, have won their appointment, the one to the Military Academy at West Point, the other to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It is no credit to the public spirit of the time, it is, I am glad, termed of borrowing from appointments upon the mere of political friends, or as a "family" appreciation of "service in arms," but about equal to the appointment to the teachers of the public schools to the Congressional district has passed law give them in the two boys who should equally and fairly win them. And as the struggle thus set for one that deserves to be followed, and the only one that ought to be followed, to every Congressional district in the Union, it may be useful to publish, for guidance in school districts, the students, who play desired to be more perfect imperially and deserve in the selection of school for

the Academy. Every year the process of teaching on the military and naval appointments have led a comparatively small number of such cases, and the deficiency is made up by new appointments. A vast amount of time might be saved, and boys and parents spared disgust and disap-



HERMAN DAVIS.—(Furnishments at Brooklyn.)



STEPHEN JOHNSON.—(See Page 378.)

pointment, by the general adoption of such a system of comparative examination, so that nothing of the happy results that would be sure to follow in the schools from which the cadets would be selected.

There are in the Sixth Congressional District,

comprising the 9th, 10th, and 14th wards, six male grammar schools, comprising, in round numbers, about 1700 pupils. From these schools are seven candidates presented themselves. The examination was conducted by a committee of seven principals, Messrs. HERRINGTON, BIL-



STEPHEN JOHNSON.—(Furnishments at Brooklyn.)

SON, and FENNELL. The questions presented were prepared by the city superintendent, and were placed in the hands of the examining committee on the morning of the examination, being carefully kept private until that time. The judges solicited to read the answers and deliver to the comparative merits of the candidates were BURNHAM, BUTTS, Esq., President of the Board of Education; HERMAN KIRKMAN, City Superintendent of Public Schools; and THOMAS H. STEVENS, President of the Normal College, neither of whom, as will be perceived, could have any interest in the result. One of the schools from which candidates were sent. Moreover, the candidates were numbered previous to the examination and the papers placed in the hands of the judges sealed simply the names of the respective candidates, without any names whatever. By this arrangement, so it is obvious, every source of suspicion of unfair-



HERE THEY COME!—SCENE AT THE DERBY—WATCHING



THE HORSE TO ROUND THE CORNER.—[See Page 576.]



THE DEUTON.



THE BISMARCK.

GERMAN CARICATURES.—(See Page 581.)

BRICK-YARD CHILDREN.

Two questions of child-labor, and the extent to which it may be legitimately employed, have of late years engaged special attention in America and England, and many frightful scenes have been brought to light and revealed in both countries. In England the "Factory Act,"

from the age of three and four up to seven, underpinning what has been expensively described as "a very heathen of toil and a horrid of evil creating that morbid peril is it."

Some idea of the manner in which the brick-park children in England are employed may be obtained from the illustration on this page, which represents children of both sexes engaged in car-

rying the clay, heap to the brick maker's table, the distance traversed in the daily round, half of it while carrying their heavy burden, being from ten to twelve miles. The average hours labor about thirteen hours per day, and is of the most fatiguing kind. As a general rule the children are dressed with great brevity for their rude manner, and grow up freckled and blemished men and women.

his right hand clasped over his mouth, his left hand raised. What work is he doing? Is it some obscure theological question, some deep in the mystery of sin, or the symbol of the flower of life? No, no! He is a child of the street, and is turned to an engine of the brick-yard. — One of the children who are daily seen in the street.

THE BRICK-YARD OF ENGLAND—CHILDREN CARRYING THE CLAY.



which passed Parliament in spite of great opposition from the manufacturing interests, put a stop to a great deal of cruelty and oppression, but capital investigations show that the necessity for legislative interference still exists. It has been discovered that in the various brick-fields and brick-works of England there are at present employed between 20,000 and 30,000 children,

trying heaps of tempered or "pugged" clay, used in making bricks, in the brick-works. The children are usually very dirty, and, sometimes almost naked, their hair being matted with wet clay, and at the end of their day's labor they appear completely exhausted. Children from five years old and upward were employed in carrying loads of clay weighing from ten to fifty pounds.

GERMAN CARICATURES.

We give this week, on page 560, two fine specimens of the humorous art of Germany—one representing a philosopher, the other a physician. Let us take a look at the philosopher. It is evident that he is creating some work of unusual importance. Observe his serious eye,

With what work is the bookworm represented here? And yet the artist has indeed the cheek with a jest which is trebly comic. The eye-balls, the rest of the features, the position of the pen, and even the disposition of the book behind and the ponderous volume before him, are all set forth with a careful regard to detail and an unobscured eye to humor. There is need-

